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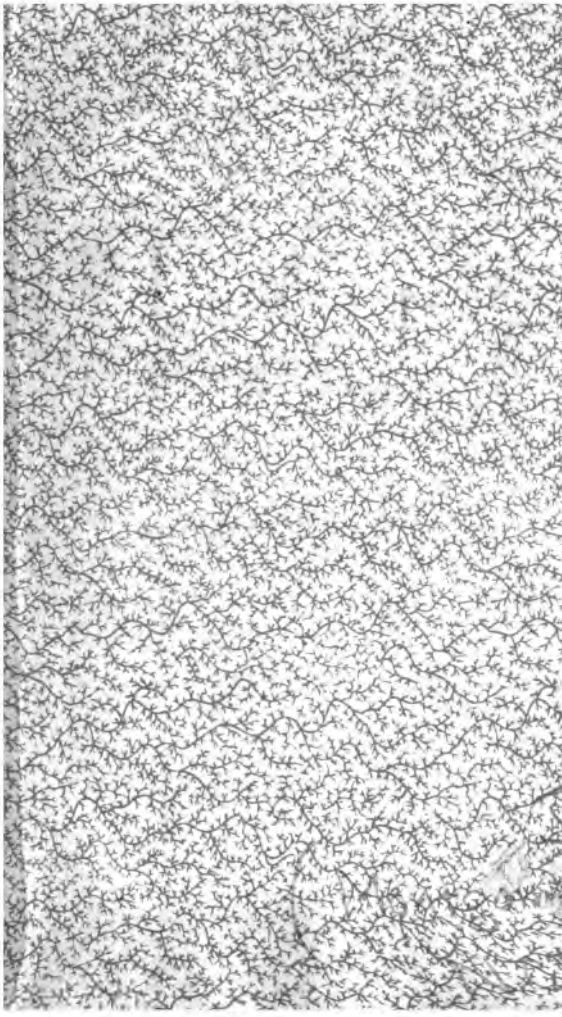

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JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE WORKS of JAMES MONTGOMERY

(Vol. 1)

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

INCLUDING

SEVERAL POEMS NOW FIRST COLLECTED:

WITH

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY T. BEDLINGTON, WASHINGTON-STREET.

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A

BIOGRAPHICAL

SKETCH

OF

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

MONTGOMERY, the Author of the Wanderer of Switzerland, &c. and the subject of this short biographical sketch, was born in Scotland, at Irvine, in Ayrshire, November 4, 1771; his father was a Moravian Minister. In the fifth year of his age his parents removed with him to Grace-hill, in the county of Antrim, Ireland. In the following year he was separated from them for ever, and placed in the seminary of the United Moravian Brethren, at Fulneck, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. His parents were, afterwards, sent as missionaries to the West-Indies, to preach, to the poor negro slave, the consoling doctrine of another and a better world; "where the wretched hear not the voice of the oppressor," and where "the servant is free from his master:" in this service both died. In the Fulneck academy, amongst a people remarkable for their ardour in religion, and their industry in the pursuit of useful learning, James Montgomery received

his education. He was intended for the ministry, and his preceptors were every way competent to the task of preparing him for the important office for which he was designed. His studies were various; the French, German, Latin, and Greek languages, history, geography, and music: but a desire to distinguish himself as a poet, amongst his school-fellows, soon interfered with his more beneficial pursuits. When only ten years old, he began the unprofitable employment of writing verses, which was continued, with unabating ardour, till the period when he quitted Fulneck, in 1787; they were chiefly on religious subjects. This early devotion to poetry he has ever regarded as the source of many troubles. It was this unpropitious attachment which, at school, stood in the way of his improvement; this which finally altered his destination in life, and seduced him to exchange an almost monastic seclusion from society, for the hurry and bustle of the world which, hitherto, has but illy repaid him for the sacrifice.

When removed from Fulneck, the views of his friends were so far changed, that we find him placed by them in a retail shop at Mirfield, near Wakefield. Here, though he was treated with great kindness, and had only too little business, and too much leisure to attend to his favourite employment, he became exceedingly disconsolate, and, after remaining in his new situation about one year and a half, he privately absconded, and with less than five shillings in his pocket, and the wide world before him, began his career in

pursuit of fame and fortune. His ignorance of mankind, the result of his retired and religious education; the consequent simplicity of his manners, and his forlorn appearance, exposed him to the contempt of some, and to the compassion of others, to whom he applied. The brilliant bubble of patronage, wealth, and celebrity, which floated before his imagination, soon burst, and on the fifth day of his travels he found a situation, similar to the one he had left, at the village of Wath, near Rotherham. A residence in London was the object of his ambition; but wanting the means to carry him thither, he resolved to remain in the country till he could procure them; accordingly he wrote to his friends, amongst the Moravian Brethren, whom he had forsaken, requesting them to recommend him to his new master, conscious they had nothing to allege against him, excepting the imprudent step of separating himself from them; and not being under articles of apprenticeship at Mirfield, he besought them not to compel him to return.—He received from them the most generous propositions of forgiveness, and an establishment more congenial to his wishes. This he declined, frankly explaining the causes of his late melancholy, but concealing the ambitious motives which had secretly prompted him to withdraw from their benevolent protection. Finding him unwilling to yield, they supplied his immediate necessities, and warmly recommended him to the kindness of the master he had chosen. It was this master, with whom he remained

only twelve months, that many years afterwards, in the most calamitous period of Montgomery's life, sought him out amidst his misfortunes, not for the purpose of offering consolation only, but of serving him substantially by every means in his power. The interview which took place between the old man and his former servant, the evening previous to his trial at Doncaster, will ever live in the remembrance of him who can forget an injury, but not a kindness. No father could have evinced a greater affection for a darling son: the tears he shed were honourable to his feelings, and were the best testimony to the conduct and integrity of James Montgomery.

From Wath he removed to London, having prepared his way by sending a volume of his manuscript poems to Mr. Harrison, then a bookseller in Paternoster-row. Mr. Harrison, who was a man of correct taste and liberal disposition, received him into his house, and gave him the greatest encouragement to cultivate his talents, but none to publish his poems; seeing as he observed no probability that the author would acquire either fame or fortune by appearing at that time before the public. The remark was just; but it conveyed the most unexpected and afflicting information to our youthful poet, who yet knew little of the world except from books, and who had permitted his imagination to be dazzled with the accounts which he had read of the splendid success, and munificent patronage, which poets had formerly experienced.

He was so disheartened by this circumstance, that, on occasion of a misunderstanding with Mr. Harrison, he, at the end of eight months, quitted the metropolis, and returned to Wath, where he was received with a hearty welcome by his former employer. While in London, having been advised to turn his attention to prose, as more profitable than verse, he composed an eastern story which he took one evening to a publisher in the east end of the town. Being directed through the shop, to the private room of the great man, he presented his manuscript in form. The prudent bookseller read the title, marked the number of pages, counted the lines in a page, and made a calculation of the whole; then turning to the author, who stood in astonishment at this summary mode of deciding on the merit of a work of imagination, he very civilly returned the copy, saying, "Sir, your manuscript is too small—it won't do for me—take it to———, he publishes these kind of things." Montgomery retreated with so much confusion from the presence of the bookseller, that in passing through the shop, he dashed his unfortunate head against a patent lamp, broke the glass, spilled the oil, and making an awkward apology to the shopmen, who were tittering behind the counter, to the no small mortification of the poor author, he rushed into the street, equally unable to restrain his vexation or his laughter, and retired to his home, filled with chagrin and disappointment at this ludicrous and untoward misadventure.

From Walth, where Montgomery had sought only a temporary residence, he removed in 1792, and engaged himself with Mr. Gales, of Sheffield, who then printed a newspaper, in which popular politicks were advocated with great zeal and ability. To this paper he contributed essays and verses occasionally; but though politicks sometimes engaged the service of his hand, the Muses had his whole heart, and he sedulously cultivated their favour, though no longer with those false, yet animated hopes, which formerly stimulated his exertions. In 1794, when Mr. Gales left England, a gentleman, to whom Montgomery was almost an entire stranger, enabled him to undertake the publication of the newspaper on his own account; but it was a perilous situation on which he entered; the vengeance which was ready to burst upon his predecessor, soon fell upon him. At the present day it would scarcely be believed, were it not to be found in the records of a court of justice, that in 1795, Montgomery was convicted of having libelled the war, then carrying on between Great Britian and France, by publishing, at the request of a stranger, whom he had never before seen, a song written by a clergyman of Belfast, *nine months before the war began.* This fact was admitted in court; and though the name of this country did not occur in the libel, nor was there a single note or comment, of any kind whatever, affixed to the original words, which were composed at the time, and in censure of the Duke of Brunswick's proclamation and

march to Paris, he was pronounced *guilty*, and sentenced to three months imprisonment, and a fine of twenty pounds. Mr. M. A. Taylor presided on this occasion. The first verdict delivered by the jury after one hour's deliberation, was "*Guilty of publishing*." This verdict, tantamount to an acquittal, they were directed to reconsider, and to deduce the malicious intention, not from the circumstances attending the publication, but from the words of the song: another hour's deliberation produced a general verdict of "*Guilty*."—This transaction requires no comment.

Scarcely had Montgomery returned to his home when he was again called upon, to answer for another offence. A riot took place in the streets of Sheffield, in which, unfortunately, two men were shot by the military. In the warmth of his feelings he detailed the dreadful occurrence in his paper; the detail was deemed a libel, and he was again sentenced to six month's imprisonment, and a fine of thirty pounds. The magistrate, who prosecuted him on this occasion, is now dead, and Montgomery would be the last man in the world who could permit any thing to be said here, in justification of himself, which might seem to cast a reflection on the memory of one, who afterwards treated him with the most friendly attention, and promoted his interest by every means in his power.

The active imagination of Montgomery had induced him to suppose that the deprivation of liberty was the loss of every earthly good: in confinement he learned

another lesson, and he bore it with fortitude and cheerfulness. In York castle he had opportunities of amusement, as well as leisure for study, and he found kindness, consolation, and friendship within the walls of a prison. During confinement he wrote, and prepared for the press, a volume of poems, which he published in 1797, under the title of "*Prison Amusements*;" but his spirits and his hopes were now so broken, that he made no exertion to recommend this work to publick attention. Since that time he has continued to live at Sheffield, and conduct his newspaper with tolerable quiet; but the wayward events of his youth, his political sufferings, and the disappointment of his fondest hopes at an early period of life, have hitherto borne him down with such a weight of listlessness at one time, and despondency at another, that for the last ten years, he has neither sought for fame nor fortune, with the diligence and perseverance that are necessary to their attainment. It is a fact well known among his friends, that his last volume was more than three years passing through his own press, during which period most of the pieces of which it is composed were written, and the place now occupied by the Wanderer of Switzerland, was first filled by another poem, and of a very different character, which the author cancelled, after nearly the whole was printed off. The success this volume has obtained cannot be attributed to any exertions he has made to promote its circulation; had it depended on these only, it is probable it would

have shared the fate of his Prison Amusements, and have been already forgotten, or rather never known.

Such are the principal events of the thirty-five years of the life of James Montgomery, of whom it may be said, nature never infused into a human composition a greater portion of kindness and genuine philanthropy: a heart more sensibly alive to every better, as well as every finer feeling, never beat in a human breast. Perhaps no two individuals, in manners, pursuits, character, and composition, ever more exactly corresponded with each other, than the subject of this memoir, and the late William Cowper, the Olney poet. The same benevolence of heart, the same modesty of deportment, the same purity of life, the same attachment to literary pursuits, the same fondness for solitude and retirement from the publick haunts of men; and, to complete the picture, the same ardent feeling in the cause of religion, and the same disposition to gloom and melancholy. One who has been honoured with his confidence and esteem, and who, with very few exceptions, has passed hours with him daily, for the last fourteen years, may surely be permitted to bear testimony to his steady attachment as a friend, and his excellence as an associate. Little known, even by his townsmen, he has been erroneously supposed to have a strong predilection in favour of politicks, which, though in some measure connected with his business, are but rarely permitted to interfere with his studies, or mingle with his amusements. His person, which is

rather below the middle stature, is neatly formed; his features have the general expression of simplicity and benevolence, rendered more interesting by a hue of melancholy that pervades them. When animated by conversation, his eye is uncommonly brilliant, and his whole countenance is full of intelligence: he possesses great command of language; his observations are those of an acute and penetrating mind, and his expressions are frequently strikingly metaphorical and eloquent. By all who see and converse with him he is esteemed; by all who know him, he is beloved.

If any are yet desirous of a more intimate acquaintance with Montgomery, if they wish to possess a more complete portrait of the man, and a fuller transcript of his feelings, these may be found in this volume, particularly in the Lyre, the Pillow, Hannah, and the Grave, and depicted with a minuteness that almost obviates the necessity of this biography.

A short inquiry into Montgomery's pretensions as a poet will conclude this memoir.

A Chatterton, or a Dermody is not the growth of every soil, and I have not another wonder to add to the list of those, who, by their talents in early life, have attracted the admiration of the publick. Poetick excellence is a quality so difficult of attainment, so far indeed beyond the reach of premature genius, that it can only be approached by slow gradations: and so lamentably deficient are juvenile compositions in general, in the essentials that constitute poetry, that they

are only at first perused to gratify curiosity, and leaving no impression on the mind, it never afterwards recurs to them. Montgomery's school-boy productions, which are more remarkable for boldness of conception than felicity of expression, are not entitled to a more honourable distinction. The following lines, written several years previous to his leaving Fulneck, may perhaps gratify the curious.

NIGHT SCENE.

FROM AN ODE TO SOLITUDE.

Let me wander slow, and rove
Through the solitary grove;
Universal silence reigns,
Save where Philomel complains,
And the turtle, for the fate
Of his lately murdered mate.
But hark! what lamentable sound
Echoes through the groves around?
Sailing through the fluttering air,
The wailing owls the woodlands scare.
While thus musing on I stroll,
Flaming constellations roll
Quick towards the midnight goal.
Lost in mists obscurely dim,
The shadowy landscape seems to swim;
Cynthia, sister of old Night,
Gilds his sullen brow with light;

Oft her modest face she shrouds
In a veil of silvery clouds,
Bursting forth with brighter beams,
As if washed in their white streams;
Rides majestick o'er the sky,
While the clouds around her fly:
This is thy nocturnal dress,
Solitude! sweet shepherdess.

Montgomery's earliest compositions had the stamp of seriousness impressed upon them; but on receiving in London a check to his ambition, they assumed a very different character. Despairing of success in the higher walks of poetry, he cultivated the humourous and burlesque, and took for his model Fontaine and Hall Stevenson, the prototypes of Peter Pindar. This was an erratic wandering, not likely to terminate to his advantage, and imprisonment and serious reflection induced his return to the path he had forsaken. His "Prison Amusements," though on the whole very inferiour to this volume, contain many passages eminently beautiful, and some delightful little poems. The extracts which follow are from the "Brahmin," a poem in two cantos, the only productions he has yet given to the world in heroic measure. The first is a part of his description of the Brahmin, and will be read with pleasure; the second is a gem of the most exquisite finish.

"Like æther pure, expansive as the pole,
And bountiful as nature was his soul;
Benevolence, the friend of all distrest,
Had built her temple in his holy breast;
He healed the sick, the dropping spirit cheered,
Grief shunned his eye and anguish disappeared.
He spoke; despair like midnight fled away,
He smiled, and comfort brightened like the day.

* * * * *

Majestick rising, like the vivid morn,
On wings of winds magnificently borne,
A strong, imperial eagle mounts on high,
Cleaves the light clouds and sails along the sky,
Broad to the sun his kindling breast he turns,
Till all his plumage in the radiance burns;
While from his eye, reanimated light
Breaks like the day-spring on the brow of night.
Now from the throne of noon his sight he bends,
Where far beneath the dusky world extends,
His boundless vision beams from pole to pole,
Where empires flourish and where oceans roll;
The radiant palace of the morn he sees,
And the green vales that nurse the evening breeze;
The realms of ice where tempests dwell forlorn,
And southern seas, where vernal showers are born.
Sublimely thus, with transport unconfined,
On wings of immortality, the mind
Through nature's infinite dominions soars,
Admires her works, her mysteries explores.

From widom's sun, imbibes inspiring light,
And glories in the grandeur of her flight;
While far removed the groveling world appears
A mount of follies, and a vale of tears."

It is always gratifying to contemplate the triumph of genius over time, place, and circumstance; to behold her setting at naught the malice and the frowns of fortune; lifting her head above the storm that assails her; displaying her richest endowments and issuing her sublimest emanations from the walls of a prison.

The next extract, somewhat faulty from the recurrence of the same rhyme in two following stanzas, will close my selections from Montgomery's Prison Amusements. It is here introduced, because it unfolds not only the acuteness of his sufferings during the first hours of confinement, but the train of thinking, and the feeling which taught him resignation, even under the pressure of great bodily indisposition.

He tells us that his Muse

* * * * * * * *

"Saw him in prison desponding and faint,
She saw him in act to expire.

* * * * * * * *

Then melting her voice to the tenderest tone,
The lovely enthusiast began
To sing in sweet numbers the comforts unknown
That solace the soul of the man,

Who hated, forsaken, tormented, opprest,
And wrestling with anguish severe,
Can turn his eye inward, and view in his breast
A conscience unclouded and clear.

The captive looked up with a languishing eye,
Half quenched in a tremulous tear;
He saw the meek angel of Hope standing by,
He heard her solicit his ear:

Her strain then exalting, and swelling her lyre,
The triumphs of patience she sung,
While passions of musick and language of fire
Flowed full and sublime from her tongue."

From "A TALE TOO TRUE."

Montgomery's last production has passed the ordeal of criticism with success, and attained a place in the estimation of the publick, to which it is entitled by its intrinsick excellence. The Wanderer of Switzerland has been received with kindness, and treated with hospitality: his story has been heard with attention, and the tear has been shed upon his sorrows.

Fastidious must the taste of that man be who could peruse the preceeding extracts, and withhold from their author the name and honours of a poet; his character, as a candidate for these honours, is all that remains to be added; though but a sketch, the lineaments given will be found to be correct.

The various qualifications essential to poetry are to be found in the poems of Montgomery—richness of fancy, strength and splendour of imagination, bold and appropriate metaphor, great vigour of thought, grace and fervour of expression; they have a smooth, harmonious flow of versification, united with great tenderness and feeling: his cadences and his pauses are peculiarly his own; so likewise are the general tone and colouring that pervade them. His strains have but little similitude to those of any other poet, one alone excepted: sometimes he has borrowed the harp of Collins, whose spirit breathing upon its strings, makes melancholy music.

THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND;

A POEM,

IN SIX PARTS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,
"Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
"LIVE!—thou shalt find a sheltering port,
A quiet home."

The historical facts alluded to in The Wanderer of Switzerland, may be found in the *Supplement to Coxe's Travels*, in *Planta's History of the Helvetic Confederacy*, and in *Zschokke invasion of Switzerland by the French, in* 1798, *translated by Dr Aiken.*

THE

WANDERER

OF

SWITZERLAND;

A POEM,

IN SIX PARTS.

NOTE.

In the following Poem, *S.* at the beginning of a line stands for *Shepherd*.....*W.* for *Wanderer*.....*S's W.* for *Shepherd's Wife*.....*W's W.* for *Wanderer's Wife*.... and *W's D.* for *Wanderer's Daughter*.

THE

WANDERER

OF

SWITZERLAND.

PART I.

A Wanderer of Switzerland and his Family, consisting of his Wife, his Daughter, and her young Children, emigrating from their country, in consequence of its subjugation *by the French in 1798*, arrive at the Cottage of a Shepherd, beyond the frontiers, where they are hospitably entertained.

SHEPHERD.

"WANDERER! whither dost thou roam?
Weary Wanderer, old and grey!
Wherefore hast thou left thine home,
In the sunset of thy day?"

W. "In the sunset of my day,
Stranger! I have lost my home:
Weary, wandering, old and grey,
Therefore, therefore do I roam.

Here, mine arms a wife enfold,
Fainting in their weak embrace ;
There, my daughter's charms behold,
Withering in that widowed face.

These her infants—Oh ! their sire,
Worthy of the race of TELL,
In the battle's fiercest fire,
In his country's battle—fell !"

S. "SWITZERLAND then gave thee birth ?"
W. "Aye—'twas SWITZERLAND of yore ;
But, degraded spot of earth !
Thou art SWITZERLAND no more.

O'er thy mountains, sunk in blood,
Are the waves of ruin hurled ;
Like the waters of the flood,
Rolling round a buried world."

S. "Yet will time the deluge stop ;
Then may Switzerland be blest :
On St. Gothard's hoary top, *a*
Shall the Ark of Freedom rest."

W. "No !—Irreparably lost,
On the day that made us slaves,
Freedom's Ark, by tempests tost,
Foundered on the swallowing waves."

S. "Welcome, Wanderer as thou art,
All my blessings to partake;
Yet thrice welcome to my heart,
For thine injured country's sake.

On the western hills afar,
Evening lingers with delight,
While she views her favourite star,
Brightening on the brow of night.

Here, though lowly be my lot,
Enter freely, freely share
All the comforts of my cot;
Humble shelter, homely fare.

Spouse; I bring a suffering guest,
With his family of grief;
Bid the weary pilgrims rest,
Yield, O yield them sweet relief."

S's W. "I will yield them sweet relief:
Weary pilgrims! welcome here;
Welcome, family of grief!
Welcome to my warmest cheer."

W. "If the prayers of broken hearts
Rise acceptably above,
Pitying Heaven will take our parts;
Helping Heaven reward your love."

S. "Haste, recruit the failing fire;
High the winter faggots raise:
See the crackling flames aspire;
O how cheerfully they blaze!

Mourners! now forget your cares,
And, till supper board be crowned,
Closely draw your fireside chairs;
Form the dear domestick round."

W. "Host, thy smiling daughters bring;
Bring those rosy lads of thine:
Let them mingle in the ring,
With these poor lost babes of mine."

S. "Join the ring, my girls and boys;
This enchanting circle, this
Binds the social loves and joys;
'Tis the fairy ring of bliss!"

W. "O ye loves and joys! that sport
In the fairy ring of bliss,
Oft with me ye held your court;
I had once a home like this!

Bountiful my former lot:
As my native country's rills;
The foundations of my cot
Were her everlasting hills—

But those streams no longer pour
Rich abundance round my lands;
And my father's cot no more
On my father's mountain stands.

By a hundred winters piled,
When the glaciers, dark with death, 5
Hang o'er precipices wild,
Hang—suspended by a breath:

If a pulse but throb alarm,
Dashed down dreadful in a trice,
(For a pulse will break the charm,)
Headlong rolls the rock of ice.

Struck with horror, stiff and pale,
When the chaos breaks on high,
All that view it from the vale,
All that hear it coming, die.

In a day and hour accurst,
O'er the wretched land of TELL,
Thus the Gallic ruin burst,
Thus the Gallic glacier fell!"

S. "Hush that melancholy strain;
Wipe those unavailing tears."
W. "Nay—permit me to complain;
'Tis the privilege of years.

'Tis the privilege of wo,
Thus her anguish to impart;
And the tears that freely flow
Ease the agonizing heart."

S. "Yet suspend thy griefs awhile:
See the plenteous table crowned;
And my wife's endearing smile
Beams a rosy welcome round.

Cheese, from mountain dairies prest,
Wholesome herbs, nutritious roots,
Honey, from the wild bee's nest,
Cheering wine, and ripened fruits;

These, with soul-sustaining bread,
My paternal fields afford;
On such fare our fathers fed:
Hoary Pilgrim! bless the board."

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

WANDERER

OF

SWITZERLAND.

PART II.

After supper, the Wanderer, at the desire of his host, relates the sorrows and sufferings of his country, during the invasion and conquest of it by the French, in connexion with his own story.

SHEPHERD.

"WANDERER! bowed with griefs and years,
Wanderer! with the cheek so pale,
O give language to those tears!
Tell their melancholy tale."

W. "Stranger-friend! the tears that flow
Down the channels of this cheek,
Tell a mystery of wo,
Which no human tongue can speak.

Not the pangs of 'Hope deferred'
My tormented bosom tear;
On that tomb of Hope interred,
Scowls the spectre of Despair.

Where the Alpine summits rise,
Height o'er height stupendous hurled,
Like the pillars of the skies,
Like the ramparts of the world;

Born in Freedom's eagle nest,
Rocked by whirlwinds in their rage,
Nursed at Freedom's stormy breast,
Lived my sires from age to age.

High o'er Underwalden's vale,
Where the forest fronts the morn;
Where the boundless eye might sail,
O'er a sea of mountains borne;

There my little native cot
Peeped upon my father's farm:
O it was a happy spot,
Rich in every rural charm!

There my life, a silent stream,
Glid along, yet seemed at rest;
Lovely, as an infant's dream,
On the waking mother's breast.

Till the storm, that wrecked the world,
In its horrible career,
Into hopeless ruin hurled
All this aching heart held dear.

On the princely towers of Berne
Fell the Gallic thunder-stroke :
To the lake of poor Lucerne,
All submitted to the yoke.

Reding then his standard raised,
Drew his sword on Brunnen's plain ; *a*
But in vain his banner blazed,
Reding drew his sword in vain.

Where our conquering fathers died,
Where their awful bones repose,
Thrice the battle's fate he tried,
Thrice o'erthrew his country's foes. *b*

Happy then were those who fell,
Fighting on their fathers' graves !
Wretched those who lived to tell,
Treachery made the victors slaves ! *c*

Thus my country's life retired,
Slowly driven from part to part ;
Underwalden last expired—
Underwalden was the heart. *d*

In the valley of their birth,
Where our guardian mountains stand;
In the eye of heaven and earth,
Met the warriors of our land.

Like the sires in olden time,
Armed they met in stern debate;
While in every breast sublime
Glowed the Spirit of the State.

Gallia's menace fired their blood,
With one heart and voice they rose:
Hand in hand the heroes stood,
And defied their faithless foes.

Then to heaven, in calm despair,
As they turned the tearless eye,
By their country's wrongs they swear,
With their country's rights to die.

Albert from the council came;
(My poor daughter was his wife;
All the valley loved his name;
Albert was my staff of life!)

From the council field he came;
All his noble visage burned;
At his look I caught the flame;
At his voice my youth returned.

Fire from Heaven my heart renewed;
Vigour beat through every vein;
All the powers, that age had hewed,
Started into strength again.

Sudden from my couch I sprang,
Every limb to life restored;
With the bound my c[illegible]e rang,
As I snatched my father's sword.

This the weapon they did wield,
On Morgarthen's dreadful day;
And through Sempach's iron field,
This the ploughshare of their way. *e*

Then, my spouse! in vain thy fears
Strove my *fury to* restrain;
O my daughter! all thy tears,
All thy children's, were in vain.

Quickly from our hastening foes,
Albert's active care removed,
Far amidst the eternal snows,
These who loved us—these beloved. *f*

Then our cottage we forsook;
Yet as down the steeps we passed,
Many an agonizing look
Homeward o'er the hills we cast.

Now we reached the nether glen,
Where in arms our brethren lay;
Thrice five hundred fearless men,
Men of adamant were they!

Nature's bulwarks, built by time,
'Gainst eternity to stand,
Mountains, terribly sublime,
Girt the camp on either hand.

Dim, behind, the valley brake
Into rocks that fled from view;
Fair, in front, the gleaming lake
Rolled its waters bright and blue.

'Midst the hamlets of the dale,
Stantz, with simple grandeur crowned,
Seemed the mother of the vale,
With her children scattered round.

'Midst the ruins of the dale,
Now she bows her hoary head,
Like the widow of the vale,
Weeping o'er her children dead.

Happier then had been her fate,
Ere she fell by such a foe,
Had an earthquake sunk her state,
Or the lightning laid her low!"

S. "Rather had the lightning's flash
Quick consumed thy country's foe!
Rather had the earthquake's crash
Laid her perjured tyrants low!

Why did justice not prevail?"
W. "Ah! it was not thus to be!"
S.—"Man of grief! pursue thy tale
To the death of Liberty.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE

WANDERER

OF

SWITZERLAND.

PART III.

The Wanderer continues his narrative, and describes the battle and massacre of Underwalden.

WANDERER.

"FROM the valley we descried,
As the Gauls approached our shores,
Keels that darkened all the tide,
Tempesting the lake with oars.

Then the mountain echoes rang
With the clanguor of alarms:
Shrill the signal trumpet sang;
All our warriors leaped to arms.

On the margin of the flood,
While the frantick foe drew nigh;
Grim as watching wolves we stood,
Prompt as eagles stretch'd to fly.

In a deluge, upon land
Burst their overwhelming might;
Back we hurled them from the strand,
Still returning to the fight.

Still repulsed, their rage increased,
Till the waves were warm with blood;
Still repulsed, they never ceased,
Till they foundered in the flood.

For, on that triumphant day,
Underwalden's arms once more
Broke Oppression's black array,
Dashed invasion from her shore.

Gaul's surviving barks retired,
Muttering vengeance as they fled;
Hope in us, by victory fired,
Raised our spirits from the dead.

From the dead our spirits rose—
To the dead they soon returned;
Bright, on its eternal close,
Underwalden's glory burned.

Star of Switzerland! whose rays
Shed such sweet expiring light,
Ere the Gallic comet's blaze
Swept thy beauty into night:

Star of Switzerland! thy fame
No recording Bard hath sung,
Yet be thine immortal name
Inspiration to my tongue! *b*

While the lingering moon delayed
In the wilderness of night,
Ere the morn awoke the shade
Into loveliness and light;

Gallia's tigers, wild for blood,
Darted on our sleeping fold;
Down the mountains, o'er the flood,
Dark as thunder clouds they rolled.

By the *trumpet's voice alarmed*,
All the valley burst awake;
All were in a moment armed
From the barriers to the lake.

In that valley, on that shore,
When the graves give up their dead,
At the trumpet's voice once more
Shall those slumberers quit their bed.

For the glen that gave them birth,
Hides their ashes in its womb:
O 'tis venerable earth,
Freedom's cradle, Freedom's tomb.

With such desolating shocks
Did the Gaul's our camp assail,
As if Underwalden's rocks
Had been tumbling to the vale.

Then on every side begun
That unutterable fight;
Never rose the astonished sun
On so horrible a sight!

Once an eagle of the rock,
('Twas an omen of our fate,)
Stooped, and from my scattered flock
Bore a lambkin to his mate.

While the parents fed their young,
Lo! a cloud of vultures lean,
By voracious famine stung,
Wildly screaming, rushed between.

Fiercely fought the eagle twain,
Though by multitudes opprest,
Till their little ones were slain,
Till they perished on their nest.

More unequal was the fray,
Which our band of brethren waged;
More insatiate o'er their prey,
Gaul's remorseless vulture's raged.

In innumerable waves,
Swollen with fury, grim with blood,
Headlong rolled the hordes of slaves,
And ingulfed us with a flood.

In the whirlpool of that flood,
Firm, in fortitude divine,
Like the eternal rocks, we stood,
In the cataract of the Rhine; *c*

Till by ten fold force assailed
In a hurricane of fire;
When at length our phalanx failed,
Then our courage blazed the higher.

Broken into feeble bands,
Fighting in dissevered parts,
Weak and weaker grew our hands,
Strong and stronger still our hearts.

Fierce, amid the loud alarms,
Shouting in the foremost fray,
Children raised their little arms,
In their country's evil day.

On their country's dying bed,
Wives and husbands poured their breath;
Many a youth and maiden bled,
Married at thine altar, Death! *d*

Wildly scattered o'er the plain,
Bloodier still the battle grew:
O ye spirits of the slain!
Slain on those your prowess slew:

Who shall now your deeds relate?
Ye that fell unwept, unknown,
Mourning for your country's fate,
But rejoicing in your own!

Virtue, valour, nought availed
With so merciless a foe;
When the nerves of heroes failed,
Cowards then could strike a blow.

Cold and keen the assassin's blade
Smote the father to the ground;
Though the infant's breast conveyed
To the mother's heart a wound! *e*

Underwalden thus expired,
But at her expiring flame,
With fraternal feeling fired,
Lo, a band of Switzers came. *f*

From the steeps beyond the lake,
Like a winter's weight of snow,
When the huge Lavanges break,
Devastating all below; *g*

Down they rushed with headlong might,
Swifter than the panting wind;
All before them fear and flight!
Death and silence all behind!

How the forest of the foe
Bowed before their thunder strokes!
When they laid the cedars low;
When they overwhelmed the oaks!

Thus they hewed their dreadful way;
Till by numbers forced to yield,
Terrible in death they lay,
Like the Avengers to the Field!"

END OF THE THIRD PART.

THE

WANDERER

OF

SWITZERLAND.

PART IV.

The Wanderer relates the circumstances attending the death of Albert.

SHEPHERD.

"PLEDGE the memory of the brave,
And the spirits of the dead;
Pledge the venerable grave,
Valour's consecrated bed.

Wanderer! this delicious cup,
This inspiring goblet take;
Drink the beverage, drink it up,
For thy martyred brethren's sake."

W. "Hail!—all hail! the Patriot's grave,
Valour's venerable bed!
Hail! the memory of the brave,
And the spirits of the dead!

Time their triumphs shall proclaim;
And their rich reward be this,
Immortality of fame!
Immortality of bliss!"

S. "On that melancholy plain,
In that conflict of despair,
How was noble *Albert* slain?
How didst thou, old warrior, fare?"

W. "In the agony of strife,
Where the heart of battle bled,
Where his country lost her life,
Glorious *Albert* bowed his head.

When our phalanx broke away,
And our stoutest soldiers fell,
Where the dark rocks dimmed the day,
Scowling o'er the deepest dell;

There, like lions, old in blood,
Lions rallying round their den,
Albert and his warriors stood;
We were few, but we were men:

Breast to breast we fought the ground,
Arm to arm repelled the foe;
Every motion was a wound,
And a death was every blow.

Thus the clouds of sunset beam
Warmer with expiring light;
Thus autumnal meteors stream
Redder through the darkening night.

Miracles our champions wrought;
Who their dying deeds shall tell?
O, how gloriously they fought!
How triumphantly they fell!

One by one gave up the ghost,
Slain, not conquered—they died free!
Albert stood—himself a host!
Last of all the Swiss was he!

So when night, with rising shade,
Climbs the Alps, from steep to steep,
Till, in hoary gloom arrayed,
All the giant mountains sleep;

High in heaven their monarch stands, a
Bright and beauteous from afar,
Shining into distant lands,
Like a new created star.

While I struggled through the fight,
Albert was my sword and shield;
Till strange horror quenched my sight,
And I fainted on the field.

Slow awakening from that trance,
When my soul returned to day,
Vanished where the fiends of France,
But in *Albert's* blood I lay!

Slain for me, his dearest breath
On my lips he did reign;
Slain for me, he snatched his death
From the blow that menaced mine.

He had raised his dying head,
And was gazing on my face;
As I woke—the spirit fled,
—But I felt his last embrace."

S. "Man of suffering! such a tale
Would wring tears from marble eyes!"
W. "Ha! my daughter's cheek grows pale!"
W's W. "Help, O help! my daughter dies!"

W. "Calm thy transports, O, my wife!
Peace, for these sweet orphans' sake!"
W's W. "O, my joy! my hope! my life!
O, my child! my child, awake!"

W. "God! O God! whose goodness gives;
God! whose wisdom takes away;
Spare my child!"
S. ——————, "She lives! she lives!"
W. "Lives? my daughter! didst thou say?

God Almighty! on my knees,
In the dust will I adore
Thine unsearchable decrees;
She was dead! she lives once more!"

W's D. "When poor *Albert* died, no prayer
Called him back to hated life:
O that I had perished there,
Not his widow, but his wife!"

W. "Dare my daughter thus repine?
Albert! answer from above;
Tell me—are these infants thine,
Whom their mother does not love?"

W's D. "Does not love!—my father! hear,
Hear me, or my heart will break;
Dear is life, but only dear,
For your service and their sake.

Bowed to Heaven's mysterious will,
I am worthy yet of you:
Yes! I am a mother still,
Though I feel a widow too!"

W. "Mother! widow! daughter!—all,
All kind names in one—my child!
On thy faithful neck I fall:
Kiss me—are we reconciled?"

W's D. "Yes! to *Albert* I appeal;
Albert! answer from above,
That my father's breast may feel
All his daughter's heart of love."

S's W. "Faint and way worn as they be
With the long day's journey, Sire!
Let thy pilgrim family
Now with me to rest retire."

W. "Yes, the hour invites to sleep;
Till the morrow we must part;
Nay, my daughter! do not weep,
Do not weep, and break my heart.

Sorrow soothing, sweet repose
On your peaceful pillows light;
Angel hands your eyelids close;
And God bless you all!—good night!"

END OF THE FOURTH PART.

THE

WANDERER

OF

SWITZERLAND.

PART V.

'he Wanderer being left alone with the Shepherd; relates his adventures after the battle of Underwalden.

SHEPHERD.

" WHEN the good man yields his breath,
For the good man never dies,
Bright, beyond the gulf of death,
Lo! the land of promise lies.

Peace to *Albert's* awful shade,
In that land where sorrows cease!
And to *Albert's* ashes, laid
In the earth's cold bosom, peace!"

W. " On the fatal field I lay,
Till the hour when twilight pale,
Like the ghost of dying day,
Wandered down the darkening vale.

Then in agony I rose,
And, with horror, looked around,
Where, embracing, friends and foes,
Dead and dying, strew'd the ground:

Many a widow fixed her eye,
Weeping, where her husband bled,
Heedless, though her babe was by,
Prattling to his father dead.

Many a mother, in despair,
Turning up the ghastly slain,
Sought her son, her hero there,
Whom she longed to seek in vain!

Dark the evening shadows rolled
On the eye that gleamed in death;
And the evening dews fell cold
On the lips that gasped for breath.

As I gazed, an ancient dame,
She was *childless*, by her look!
With refreshing cordials came;
Of her bounty I partook.

Then, with desperation bold,
Albert's precious corpse I bore
On these shoulders weak and old,
Bowed with misery before.

Albert's angel gave me strength,
As I staggered down the glen;
And I hid my charge, at length,
In its wildest, deepest den.

Then, returning, through the shade,
To the battle scene, I sought
'Mongst the slain, an axe and spade;
With such weapons Freemen fought.

Scythes for swords our youth did wield,
In that execrable strife:
Ploughshares, in that horrid field,
Bled with slaughter, breathed with life!

In a dark and lonely cave,
While the glimmering moon arose,
Thus I dug my *Albert's* grave;
There his hallowed limbs repose.

Tears then, tears too long represt,
Gushed; they fell like healing balm,
Till the whirlwind in my breast,
Died into a dreary calm.

On the fresh earth's humid bed,
Where my martyr lay enshrined,
This forlorn unhappy head,
Crazed with anguish, I reclined.

But, while o'er my weary eyes
Soothing slumber seemed to creep,
Forth I sprang, with strange surprise,
From the clasping arms of sleep.

For the bones of *Albert* dead
Heaved the turf with horrid throes,
And his grave, beneath my head,
Burst asunder—*Albert* rose.

'Ah! my son! my son!' I cried,
'Wherefore hast thou left thy grave?'
'Fly, my father!' he replied;
'Save my wife—my children save;'

In the passing of a breath,
This tremendous scene was o'er;
Darkness shut the gates of death,
Silence sealed them as before.

One pale moment fixed I stood
In astonishment severe:
Horror petrified my blood,
I was withered up with fear.

Then a sudden trembling came
O'er my limbs; I felt on fire,
Burning, quivering, like a flame
In the instant to expire."

S. "Rather like the mountain oak,
Tempest shaken, rooted fast,
Grasping strength from every stroke,
While it wrestles with the blast."

W. "Aye! my heart, unwont to yield,
Quickly quelled the strange affright,
And undaunted, o'er the field
I began my lonely flight.

Loud the gusty night wind blew;
Many an awful pause between;
Flits of light and darkness flew,
Wild and sudden, o'er the scene.

For the moon's resplendent eye
Gleams of transient glory shed;
And the clouds athwart the sky,
Like a routed army fled.

Sounds and voices filled the vale,
Heard alternate, loud and low;
Shouts of victory swell'd the gale,
But the breezes murmured wo.

As I climbed the mountain's side,
Where the lake and valley meet,
All my country's power and pride
Lay in ruins at my feet.

On that grim and ghastly plain,
Underwalden's heart strings broke,
When she saw her heroes slain,
And her rocks receive the yoke.

On that plain, in childhood's hours,
From their mother's arms set free,
Oft those heroes gathered flowers,
Often chased the wandering bee.

On that plain, in rosy youth,
They had fed their father's flocks,
Told their love, and pledged their truth,
In the shadow of those rocks.

There, with shepherd's pipe and song,
In the merry mingling dance,
Once they led their brides along;
Now!—Perdition seize thee, France!"

S. "Heard not Heaven the accusing cries
Of the blood that smoked around,
While the life warm sacrifice
Palpitated on the ground!

W. "Wrath, in silence, heaps his store
To confound the guilty foe;
But the thunder will not roar,
Till the flash has struck the blow.

Vengeance, vengeance will not stay!
It shall burst on Gallia's head,
Sudden as the judgement day
To the unexpecting dead.

From the revolution's flood,
Shall a fiery dragon start;
He shall drink his mother's blood,
He shall eat his father's heart:

Nurst by anarchy and crime,
He—but distance mocks my sight:
O, thou great avenger, TIME!
Bring thy strangest birth to light."

S. "Prophet! thou hast spoken well,
And I deem thy words divine;
Now the mournful sequel tell
Of thy country's woes and thine."

W. "Though the moon's bewildered bark,
By the midnight tempest tost,
In a sea of vapours dark,
In a gulf of clouds was lost:

Yet my journey I pursued,
Climbing many a weary steep,
Whence the closing scene I viewed
With an eye that could not weep.

Stantz—a melancholy pyre!
And her hamlets blazed behind,
With ten thousand tongues of fire,
Writhing, raging in the wind.

Flaming piles, where'er I turned,
Cast a grim and dreadful light;
Like funeral lamps they burned
In the sepulchre of night:

While the red illumined flood,
With a hoarse and hollow roar,
Seemed a lake of living blood,
Wildly weltering on the shore.

'Midst the mountains, far away,
Soon I spied the sacred spot,
Whence a slow consuming ray
Glimmered from my native cot.

At the sight my brain was fired,
And afresh my heart's wounds bled:
Still I gazed:—the spark expired—
Nature seemed extinct!—I fled.

Fled, and ere the noon of day,
Reached the lonely Gothard's nest,
Where my wife, my children lay:
—Husband!—Father!—think the rest."

END OF THE FIFTH PART.

THE

WANDERER

OF

SWITZERLAND.

PART VI.

The Wanderer informs the Shepherd, that, after the example of many of his countrymen, flying from the tyranny of France, it is his intention to settle in some remote province of America.

SHEPHERD.

"WANDERER! whither wouldst thou roam?
To what region far away,
Bend thy steps to find a home,
In the twilight of thy day?"

W. "In the twilight of my day,
I am hastening to the West;
There my weary limbs to lay,
Where the sun retires to rest.

Far beyond the Atlantic floods,
Stretched beneath the evening sky,
Realms of mountains, dark with woods,
In Columbia's bosom lie.

There, in glens and caverns rude,
Silent, since the world began,
Dwells the virgin Solitude,
Unbetrayed by faithless man:

Where a tyrant never trod,
Where a slave was never known,
But where nature worships God
In the wilderness alone:

Thither, thither, would I roam;
There my children may be free;
I for them will find a home,
They shall find a grave for me.

Though my father's bones afar,
In their native land repose,
Yet, beneath the twilight star,
Soft on mine the turf shall close.

Though the mould that wraps my clay,
When this storm of life is o'er,
Never—never—never lay
On a human breast before:

Yet, in sweet communion there,
When she follows to the dead,
Shall my bosom's partner share
Her poor husband's lowly bed.

Albert's babes shall deck our tomb,
And my daughter's duteous tears
Bid the flowery hillock bloom,
Through the winter waste of years."

S. "Time! thy chariot wheels delay;
Death! unstring thy bended bow;
Sun! forget to bring the day,
Which shall lay the Wanderer low!"

W. "Though our Parent perished here,
Like the Phœnix on her nest,
Lo! new fledged her wings appear,
Hovering in the golden West.

Thither shall her sons repair,
And, beyond the roaring main,
Find their native country there,
Find their Switzerland again.

Mountains! can ye chain the will?
Ocean! canst thou quench the heart?
No!—I feel my Country still,
LIBERTY! where'er thou art.

Thus it was in hoary time,
When our fathers sallied forth,
Full of confidence sublime,
From the famine-wasted North.

'Freedom, in the land of rocks,
'Wild as Scandinavia, give,
'POWER ETERNAL! where our flocks,
'And our little ones may live!'

Thus they prayed;—a secret Hand
Led them, by a path unknown,
To that dear, delightful land,
Which I yet must call my own.

To the vale of Switz they came!
Soon their meliorating toil
Gave the forest to the flame,
And their ashes to the soil.

Thence their ardent labours spread,
Till, above the mountain snows,
Towering Beauty shewed her head,
And a new creation rose;

So, in regions wild and wide,
We will pierce the savage woods,
Clothe the rocks in purple pride,
Plough the vallies, tame the floods:

'Till a beauteous inland isle,
By a forest sea embraced,
Shall make Desolation smile,
In the depth of his own waste.

There, unenvied and unknown,
We shall dwell secure and free,
In a country all our own,
In a land of Liberty."

S. "Yet the woods, the rocks, the streams,
Unbeloved, shall bring to mind,
Warm with evening's purple beams,
Dearer objects left behind!

And thy native country's song,
Caroled in a foreign clime,
When new echoes shall prolong,
Simple, tender, and sublime;

How will thy poor cheek turn pale!
And before thy banished eyes,
Underwalden's charming vale,
And thine own sweet cottage, rise!"

W. "By the glorious ghost of TELL!
By Morgarthen's awful fray!
By the field where *Albert* fell
In thy last and bitter day!

Soul of Switzerland ! arise :
—Ha ! the spell has waked the dead,
From her ashes, to the skies,
Switzerland exalts her head.

See the Queen of Mountains stand
In immortal mail complete,
With the lightning in her hand,
And the Alps beneath her feet.

Hark ! her voice :—' My sons ! awake ;
' Freedom dawns, behold the day !
' From the bed of bondage break,
' 'Tis your mother calls—obey !'

At the sound our fathers' graves,
On each ancient battle plain,
Utter groans, and toss like waves
When the wild blast sweeps the main.

Rise, my brethren ! cast away
All the chains that bind you slaves ;
Rise—your mother's voice obey,
And appease your fathers' graves.

Strike—the conflict is begun ;
Freemen ! Soldiers ! follow me ;
Shout—the victory is won—
Switzerland and Liberty !"

S. "Warrior! Warrior! stay thine arm!
Sheathe, O sheathe thy frantick sword?"
W. "Ah! I rave! I faint! the charm
Flies—and memory is restored!

Yes, to agony restored
From the too transporting charm:
Sleep forever, O my sword!
Be thou withered, O mine arm!

Switzerland is but a name!
Yet I feel where'er I roam,
That my heart is still the same;
Switzerland is still my home,"

END OF THE SIXTH AND LAST PART.

NOTES.

PART I.

Note *a*.—p. 28.

On St. Gothard's *hoary top.*

St. Gothard is the name of the highest mountain in the Canton of Uri, the birth place of Swiss Independence.

Note *b*.—p. 31.

When the Glaciers, dark with death.

More properly the avalanches; immense accumulations of ice and snow, balanced on the verge of the mountains, in such subtle suspense, that, in the opinion of the natives, the tread of the traveller may bring them down in destruction upon him. The glaciers are more permanent masses of ice, and formed rather in the vallies, than on the summit of the Alps.

PART II.

Note *a*.—p. 35.

Drew his sword on Brunnen's *plain.*

Brunnen, at the foot of the mountains, on the borders of the lake of Uri, where the first Swiss patriots, *Walter Furst*, of Uri, *Werner Stauffacher*, of Schwitz, and *Arnold*, of Melchthal, in Underwalden, conspired against the tyranny of Austria, in 1307, again in 1798 became the seat of the diet of these three forest cantons.

Note *b*.—p. 35.

Thrice o'erthrew his country's foes.

On the plains of Morgarthen, where the Swiss gained their first decisive victory over the force of Austria, and thereby secured the independence of their country, *Alloys Reding*, at the head of the troops of the little cantons, Uri, Schwitz, and Underwalden, repeatedly repulsed the invading army of France.

Note *c*.—p. 35.

Treachery made the victors slaves.

By the resistance of these small cantons, the French General *Shawembourg* was compelled to respect their independence, and gave them a solemn pledge to that purport: but no sooner had they disarmed, on the faith of this engagement, than the enemy came suddenly upon them with an immense force; and with

threats of extermination compelled them to take the civick oath to the new constitution, imposed upon all Switzerland.

Note *d.*—p. 35.

Underwalden *was the heart.*

The inhabitants of the lower valley of Underwalden alone resisted the French message, which required submission to the new constitution and the immediate surrender, *alive or dead*, of nine of their leaders. When the demand, accompanied by a menace of destruction, was read in the assembly of the district, all the men of the valley, fifteen hundred in number, took up arms, and devoted themselves to perish in the ruins of their country.

Note *e.*—p. 37.

This the ploughshare of their way.

At the battle of Sempach, the Austrians presented so impenetrable a front with their projected spears, that the Swiss were repeatedly compelled to retire from the attack, till a native of Underwalden, named *Arnold de Winkelried*, commending his family to his countrymen, sprang upon the enemy, and burying as many of their spears as he could grasp in his body, made a breach in their line; the Swiss rushed in, and routed the Austrians with a terrible slaughter.

Note *f.*—p. 37.

These who loved us—these beloved.

Many of the Underwalders, on the approach of the French army, removed their families and cattle among the higher Alps; and themselves returned to join their brethren, who had encamped in their native valley, on the borders of the lake, and awaited the attack of the enemy.

Note *g.*—p. 38.

Stantz, the capital of Underwalden.

PART III.

Note *a.*—p. 42.

Till they founder'd in the flood.

The French made their first attack on the valley of Underwalden from the lake; but, after a desperate conflict, they were victoriously repelled, and two of their vessels, containing five hundred men, perished in the engagement.

Note *b.*—p. 43.

Inspiration to my tongue.

In the last and decisive battle the Underwalders were overpowered by two French armies, which rushed

upon them from the opposite mountains and surrounded their camp, while an assault at the same time was made upon them from the lake.

Note *c.*—p. 45.

In the cataract of the Rhine.

At Schaffhausen—See *Coxe's* Travels.

Note *d.*—p. 45.

Married at thine altar, Death!

In this miserable conflict, many of the women and children of the Underwalders fought in the ranks, by their husbands and fathers and friends, and fell gloriously for their country.

Note *e.*—p. 46.

To the mother's heart a wound!

An indiscriminate massacre followed the battle.

Note *f.*—p. 46.

Lo, a band of Switzers *came.*

Two hundred self devoted heroes from the Canton of Switz arrived, at the close of the battle, to the aid of their brethren of Underwalden, and perished to a man after having slain thrice their number.

Note *g.*—p. 46.

Devastating all below.

The Lavanges are tremendous torrents of mel snow, that tumble from the tops of the Alps, and luge all the country before them

PART IV.

Note *a.*—p. 51.

High in Heaven their monarch stands.

Mont Blanc:—which is so much higher than surrounding Alps, that it catches and retains beams of the sun, *twenty minutes* earlier and later tl they—and, crowned with eternal ice, may be s from an immense distance, purpled with his east light, or crimsoned with his setting glory, while n and obscurity rest on the mountains below.

PART V.

Note *a.*—p. 62.

Writhing, raging in the wind.

The town of Stantz, and the surrounding villa were burnt by the French, on the night after the b

tle of Underwalden, and the beautiful valley was converted into a wilderness.

PART VI.

Note *a*.—p. 66.

From the famine-wasted North.

There is a tradition among the Swiss, that they are descended from the ancient Scandinavians; among whom, in a remote age, there arose so grievous a famine, that it was determined in the assembly of the nation, that every tenth man and his family should quit their country, and seek a new possession. Six thousand, chosen by lot, thus emigrated at once from the North. They prayed to God, to conduct them to a land like their own, where they might dwell in freedom and quiet, finding food for their families, and pasture for their cattle. God, says the tradition, led them to a valley among the Alps, where they cleared away the forests, built the town of Switz, and afterwards peopled and cultivated the Cantons of Uri and Underwalden.

THE

WEST-INDIES;

A POEM,

IN SIX PARTS.

WRITTEN IN HONOUR OF THE ABOLITION OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE, BY THE BRITISH LEGISLATURE, IN 1807.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Receive him for ever; not now as a servant, but above a servant—a brother beloved.
St. Paul's. Ep. to Philemon, v. 15, 16.

TO THE PUBLICK.

THE Poem of 'THE WEST-INDIES,' originally published by Mr. Bowyer, in his splendid volume on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, is now presented in a form more convenient for general perusal.

"There are objections against the title and plan of this piece, which will occur to almost every reader. The author will not anticipate them: he will only observe, that the title seemed the best, and the plan the most eligible, which *he* could adapt to a subject so various and excursive, yet so familiar and exhausted, as the African Slave-Trade—a subject which had become antiquated, by frequent, minute, and disgusting exposure; which afforded no opportunity to awaken, suspend, and delight curiosity, by a subtle and surprising developement of plot; and concerning which publick feeling had been wearied into insensibility, by the agony of interest which the question excited, during three-and-twenty years of almost incessant discussion. That trade is at length abolished. May its memory be immortal, that henceforth it may be known only *by* its memory!" This extract from the preface to the former edition of THE WEST-INDIES, will probably be a sufficient introduction to the present.

Of the lesser pieces that follow, it is unnecessary to say more than that they are offered as humble candidates for the same publick favour, (if they be deemed worthy of it,) which their predecessors, accompanying the WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND, have most liberally obtained.

Sheffield, May 17, 1810.

THE

WEST-INDIES.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction; on the Abolition of the Slave-Trade.—The Mariners' Compass.—Columbus.—The discovery of America.—The West-Indian Islands.—The Charibs.—Their extermination.

'THY chains are broken, Africa, be free!'
Thus saith the island, empress of the sea;
Thus saith Britannia.—O ye winds and waves!
Waft the glad tidings to the land of slaves;
Proclaim on Guinea's coast, by Gambia's side,
And far as Niger rolls his eastern tide,
Through radiant realms, beneath the burning zone,
Where Europe's curse is felt, her name unknown,
Thus saith Britannia, empress of the sea,
'Thy chains are broken, Africa, be free!'

Long lay the ocean-paths from man concealed;
Light came from heaven—the magnet was revealed,
A surer star to guide the seaman's eye
Than the pale glory of the northern sky;
Alike ordained to shine, by night and day,
Through calm and tempest, with unsetting ray;
Where'er the mountains rise, the billows roll,
Still with strong impulse turning to the pole,
True as the sun is to the morning true,
Though light as film, and trembling as the dew.

Then man no longer plied with timid oar,
And failing heart, along the windward shore;
Broad to the sky he turned his fearless sail,
Defied the adverse, wooed the favouring gale,
Bared to the storm his adamantine breast,
Or soft on ocean's lap lay down to rest;
While free, as clouds the liquid ether sweep,
His white-winged vessels coursed the unbounded deep
From clime to clime the wanderer loved to roam,
The waves his heritage, the world his home.

Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
Of grasping genius, weighed the sea and land;
The floods o'erbalanc'd:—where the tide of light,
Day after day, roll'd down the gulph of night,
There seemed one waste of waters:—long in vain
His spirit brooded o'er the Atlantick main;
When, sudden, as creation burst from nought,

Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought,
Light, order, beauty :—while his mind explored
The unveiling mystery, his heart adored ;
Where'er sublime imagination trod,
He heard the voice, he saw the face, of God.

Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye
O'er the wide ocean, stretching to the sky :
In calm magnificence the sun declined,
And left a paradise of clouds behind :
Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
The billows in a sea of glory rolled.

'—Ah ! on this sea of glory, might I sail,
'Track the bright sun, and pierce the eternal veil
'That hides those lands, beneath Hesperian skies,
'Where day-light sojourns, till our morrow rise !'

Thoughtful he wander'd on the beach alone,
Mild o'er the deep the vesper planet shone,
The eye of ev'ning, bright'ning thro' the west,
Till the sweet moment when it shut to rest :
'Whither, O golden Venus, art thou fled?
'Not in the ocean-chambers lies thy bed ;
'Round the dim world thy glistering chariot drawn,
'Pursues the twilight, or precedes the dawn ;
'Thy beauty, noon and midnight never see,
'The morn and eve divide the year with thee.'

Soft fell the shades till Cynthia's slender bow
Crested the farthest wave, then sunk below:
'Tell me resplendent guardian of the night,
'Circling the sphere in thy perennial flight,
'What secret path of heaven thy smiles adorn,
'What nameless sea reflects thy gleaming horn?'

Now earth and ocean vanished, all serene,
The starry firmament alone was seen;
Through the slow, silent hours, he watched the host
Of midnight suns in western darkness lost,
Till night himself, on shadowy pinions borne,
Fled o'er the mighty waters, and the morn
Danced on the mountains:—'Lights of heaven!' he cried,
'Lead on;—I go to win a glorious bride;
'Fearless o'er gulfs unknown I urge my way,
'Where peril prowls, and shipwreck lurks for prey:
'Hope swells my sail:—in spirit I behold
'That maiden-world, twin sister of the old,
'By Nature nursed beyond the jealous sea,
'Denied to ages, but betrothed to me.' *b*

The winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
The brave adventurer to the promised shore;
For in the West, arrayed in purple light,
Dawned the new world on his enraptured sight:
Not Adam, loosened from the encumbering earth,
Wak'd by the breath of God to instant birth,

With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,
When life within, and light without be found;
When, all creation rushing o'er his soul,
He seemed to live and breathe throughout the whole.
So felt Columbus when divinely fair,
At the last look of resolute despair,
The Hesperian isles from distance dimly blue,
With gradual beauty opened on his view.
In that proud moment, his transported mind
The morning and the evening worlds combined,
And made the sea, that sundered them before,
A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore.

Vain, visionary hope! rapacious Spain
Followed her hero's triumph o'er the main;
Her hardy sons in fields of battle tried,
Where Moor and Christian desperately died;
And steeled to cruelty by lust of gold,
A rabid race, fanatically bold,
Traversed the waves, the unknown world explored,
The cross their standard, but their faith the sword;
Their steps were graves; o'er prostrate realms they trod;
They worshiped Mammon while they vowed to God.

Let nobler bards in loftier numbers tell
How Cortez conquered, Montezuma fell;
How grim Pizarro's ruffian arm o'erthrew
The sun's resplendent empire in Peru;

How like a prophet old Las Casas stood,
And raised his voice against a sea of blood,
Whose chilling waves recoiled while he foretold
His country's ruin by avenging gold,
—That gold, for which unpitied Indians fell;
That gold, at once the snare and scourge of hell,
Thenceforth by righteous heaven was doomed
shed
Unmingled curses on the spoiler's head;
For gold the Spaniard cast his soul away,—
His gold and he was every nation's prey.

But themes like these would ask an angel lyre,
Language of light and sentiment of fire;
Give me to sing, in melancholy strains,
Of Charib martyrdoms, and Negro chains;
One race by tyrants rooted from the earth,
One doomed to slavery by the taint of birth!

Where first his drooping sails Columbus furled,
And sweetly rested in another world,
Amidst the heaven-reflecting ocean, smiles
A constellation of Elysian isles;
Fair as Orion when he mounts on high,
Sparkling with midnight splendour from the sky:
They bask beneath the sun's meridian rays,
When not a shadow breaks the boundless blaze;
The breath of ocean wanders through their vales
In morning breezes and in evening gales;

Earth from her lap perennial verdure pours,
Ambrosial fruits, amaranthine flowers;
O'er the wild mountains and luxuriant plains,
Nature in all the pomp of beauty reigns,
In all the pride of freedom.—NATURE FREE
Proclaims that MAN was born for liberty:
She flourishes where'er the sunbeams play
O'er living fountains, sallying into day;
She withers where the waters cease to roll:
And night and winter stagnate round the pole:
Man too, where freedom's beams and fountains rise
Springs from the dust and blossoms to the skies;
Dead to the joys of light and life, the slave
Clings to the clod; his root is in the grave;
Bondage is winter, darkness, death, despair;
Freedom, the sun, the sea, the mountains, and the air.

In placid indolence supinely blessed,
A feeble race these beauteous isles possessed;
Untamed, untaught, in arts and arms unskilled,
Their patrimonial soil they rudely tilled,
Chased the free rovers of the savage woods,
Ensnared the wild bird, swept the scaly floods;
Sheltered in lowly huts their fragile forms
From burning suns and desolating storms;
Or, when the halcyon sported on the breeze,
In light canoes they skimmed the rippling seas:
Their lives in dreams of soothing langour flew,
No parted joys, no future pains they knew,

The passing moment all their bliss or care;
Such as their sires had been, the children were
From age to age; as waves upon the tide
Of stormless time, they calmly lived and died.

Dreadful as hurricanes athwart the main
Rushed the fell legions of invading Spain;
With fraud and force, with false and fatal breath,
(Submission bondage, and resistance death,)
They swept the isles. In vain the simple race
Kneeled to the iron sceptre of their grace,
Or with weak arms their fiery vengeance braved;
They came, they saw, they conquered, they enslaved,
And they destroyed;—the generous heart they broke;
They crushed the timid neck beneath the yoke;
Where'er to battle marched their grim array,
The sword of conquest ploughed resistless way;
Whene'er from cruel toil they sought repose,
Around, the fires of devastation rose.
The Indian, as he turned his head in flight,
Beheld his cottage flaming through the night,
And, 'midst the shrieks of murder on the wind,
Heard the mute blood-hound's death-step close behind.

The conflict o'er, the valiant in their graves,
The wretched remnant dwindled into slaves.
—Condemned in pestilential cells to pine,
Delving for gold amidst the gloomy mine,

The sufferer, sick of life-protracting breath,
Inhaled with joy the fire-damp blast of death :
—Condemned to fell the mountain palm on high ;
That cast its shadow from the evening sky,
Ere the tree trembled to his feeble stroke,
The woodman languished, and his heart-strings broke :
—Condemned in torrid noon, with palsied hand,
To urge the slow plough o'er the obdurate land,
The labourer, smitten by the sun's fierce ray,
A corpse along the unfinished furrow lay.
O'erwhelmed at length with ignominious toil,
Mingling their barren ashes with the soil,
Down to the dust the Charib people passed,
Like autumn foliage withering in the blast :
The whole race sunk beneath the oppressor's rod,
And left a blank among the works of God.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

WEST-INDIES.

PART II.

ARGUMENT.

The Cane.—Africa.—The Negro.—The Slave-carrying Trade.—The means and resources of the Slave-Trade—The Portuguese—Dutch—Danes—French, —and English in America.

AMONG the bowers of paradise, that graced
Those islands of the world-dividing waste,
Where towering cocoas waved their graceful locks,
And vines luxuriant clustered round the rocks;
Where orange groves perfumed the circling air,
With verdure, flowers, and fruit forever fair;
Gay myrtle foliage tracked the winding rills,
And cedar forests slumber on the hills;
—An eastern plant, ingrafted on the soil,
Was tilled for ages with consuming toil;

No tree of knowledge, with forbidden fruit,
Death in the taste, and ruin at the root,
Yet in its growth were good and evil found,
It blessed the planter, but it cursed the ground:
While with vain wealth it gorged the master's hoar
And spread with manna his luxuriant board,
Its culture was perdition to the slave,
It sapped his life, and flourished on his grave.

When the fierce spoiler, from remorseless Spain,
Tasted the balmy spirit of the cane,
(Already had his rival, in the West,
From the rich reed ambrosial sweetness pressed,)
Dark through his thoughts the miser purpose rolled,
To turn its hidden treasures into gold.
But at his breath, by pestilent decay,
The Indian tribes were swiftly swept away;
Silence and horrour o'er the isles were spread,
The living seemed the spectres of the dead.
The Spaniard saw; no sigh of pity stole,
No pang of conscience touched his sullen soul:
The tyger weeps not o'er the kid;—he turns
His flashing eyes abroad, and madly burns
For nobler victims, and for warmer blood;
Thus on the Charib shore the tyrant stood,
Thus cast his eyes with fury o'er the tide,
And far beyond the gloomy gulph descried
Devoted Africa; he burst away,
And with a yell of transport grasped his prey.

Where the stupendous Mountains of the Moon
Cast their broad shadows o'er the realms of noon;
From rude Caffraria where the giraffes browse,
With stately heads among the forest boughs,
To Atlas, where Numidian lions glow
With torrid fire beneath eternal snow;
From Nubian hills, that hail the dawning day,
To Guinea's coast, where evening fades away,
Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the splendour of the solar zone;
A world of wonders—where creation seems
No more the works of Nature, but her dreams;
Great, wild, and beautiful, beyond control,
She reigns in all the freedom of her soul;
Where none can check her bounty when she showers
O'er the gay wilderness her fruits and flowers;
None brave her fury, when, with whirlwind breath
And earthquake step, she walks abroad with death:
O'er boundless plains she holds her fiery flight,
In terrible magnificence of light;
At blazing noon pursues the evening breeze,
Thro' the dun gloom of realm-o'ershadowing trees;
Her thirst at Nile's mysterious fountain quells,
Or breathes in secrecy where Niger swells
An inland ocean, on whose jasper rocks
With shells and sea-flower-wreaths she binds her locks:
She sleeps on isles of velvet verdure, placed

'Midst sandy gulfs and shoals forever waste;
She guides her countless flocks to cherished rills,
And feeds her cattle on a thousand hills;
Her steps the wild bees welcome through the vale,
From every blossom that embalms the gale;
The slow, unwieldy river-horse she leads
Through the deep waters, o'er the pasturing meads;
And climbs the mountains that invade the sky,
To soothe the eagle's nestlings when they cry.
At sunset, when voracious monsters burst
From dreams of blood, awaked by maddening thirst;
When the lorn caves, in which they shrunk from light,
Ring with wild echoes through the hideous night;
When darkness seems alive, and all the air
Is one tremendous uproar of despair,
Horrour and agony;—on her they call:
She hears their clamour, she provides for all,
Leads the light leopard on his eager way,
And goads the gaunt hyæna to his prey.

In these romantick regions man grows wild:
Here dwells the Negro. nature's outcast child,
Scorned by his brethren; but his mother's eye,
That gazes on him from her warmest sky,
Sees in his flexible limbs untutored grace,
Power on his forehead, and beauty in his face;
Sees in his breast, where lawless passions rove,
The heart of friendship, and the home of love;

Sees in his mind, where desolation reigns,
Fierce as his clime, uncultured as his plains,
A soil where virtue's fairest flowers might shoot,
And trees of science bend with glorious fruit,
Sees in his soul, involved with thickest night,
An emanation of eternal light,
Ordained, 'midst sinking worlds, his dust to fire,
And shine forever when the stars expire.
Is he not MAN, though knowledge never shed
Her quickening beams on his neglected head?
Is he not MAN, though sweet Religion's voice
Ne'er bade the mourner in his God rejoice?
Is *he* not man, by sin and suffering tried?
Is *he* not man, for whom the Saviour died?
Belie the Negro's powers;—in headlong will,
Christian! *thy* brother thou shalt prove him still;
Belie his virtues; since his wrongs began,
His follies and his crimes have stampt him MAN.

The Spaniard found him such;—the island-race
His foot had spurned from earth's insulted face;
Among the waifs and foundlings of mankind,
Abroad he looked, a sturdier stock to find;
A spring of life, whose fountains should supply
His channels as he drank the rivers dry:
That stock he found on Africk's swarming plains,
That spring he opened in the Negro's veins;
A spring, exhaustless as his avarice drew,
A stock, that like Prometheus' vitals grew

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Beneath the eternal beak his heart that tore,
Beneath the insatiate thirst that drained his gore.
Thus, childless as the Charibbeans died,
Africk's strong sons the ravening waste supplied;
Of hardier fibre to endure the yoke,
And self-renewed beneath the severing stroke;
As grim Oppression crushed them to the tomb,
Their fruitful parents' miserable womb
Teemed with fresh myriads, crowded o'er the waves,
Heirs to their toils, their sufferings, and their graves.

Freighted with curses was the bark that bore
The spoilers of the West to Guinea's shore;
Heavy with groans of anguish blew the gales
That swelled that fatal bark's returning sails;
Old Ocean shrunk, as o'er his surface flew
The human cargo and the demon crew.
—Thenceforth, unnumbered as the waves that roll
From sun to sun, or pass from pole to pole,
Outcasts and exiles from their country torn,
In floating dungeons o'er the gulf were borne;
—The valiant, seized in peril-daring fight;
The weak, surprised in nakedness and night;
Subjects, by mercenary despots sold;
Victims of justice, prostitute for gold;
Brothers by brothers, friends by friends betrayed;
Snared in her lover's arms the trusting maid;
The faithful wife by her false lord estranged,
For one wild cup of drunken bliss exchanged;

From the brute-mother's knee the infant boy,
Kidnapped in slumber, bartered for a toy;
The father, resting at *his* father's tree,
Doomed by the son to die beyond the sea:
—All bonds of kindred, law, alliance broke,
All ranks, all nations, crouching to the yoke;
From fields of light, unshadowed climes that lie
Panting beneath the sun's meridian eye,
From hidden Ethiopia's utmost land;
From Zaara's fickle wilderness of sand;
From Congo's blazing plains and blooming woods;
From Whidah's hills, that gush with golden floods;
Captives of tyrant power, and dastard wiles,
Dispeopled Africa, and gorged the isles.
Loud and perpetual, o'er the Atlantic waves,
For guilty ages, rolled the tide of slaves;
A tide that knew no fall, no turn, no rest,
Constant as day and night from east to west;
Still widening, deepening, swelling in its course,
With boundless ruin and resistless force.

Quickly by Spain's alluring fortune fired,
With hopes of fame, and dreams of wealth inspired,
Europe's dread powers, from ignominious ease
Started; their pennons streamed on every breeze;
And still, where'er the wide discoveries spread,
The cane was planted, and the native bled;
While, nursed by fiercer suns, of nobler race,
The negro toiled and perished in his place.

First, Lusitania,—she, whose powers had borne
Her arms triumphant round the car of morn,
—Turned to the setting sun her bright array,
And hung her trophies o'er the couch of day.

Holland,—whose hardy sons rolled back the sea
To build the halcyon nest of liberty,
—Shameless abroad the enslaving flag unfurled,
And reigned a despot in the younger world.

Denmark,—whose roving hordes, in barbarou
times,
Filled the wide North with piracy and crimes,
Awed every shore, and taught their keels to sweep
O'er every sea, the Arabs of the deep,
—Embarked, once more to western conquest led
By Rolla's spirit, risen from the dead.

Gallia,—who vainly aimed, in depth of night,
To hurl old Rome from her Tarpeian height,
(But lately laid with unprevented blow,
The thrones of kings, the hopes of freedom low,)
—Rushed o'er the theatre of splendid toils.
To brave the dangers, and divide the spoils.

Britannia,---she who scathed the crest of Spain,
And won the trident sceptre of the main,
When to the raging wind and ravening tide
She gave the huge Armanda's scattered pride ;

Smit by the thunder-wielding hand, that hurled
Her vengeance round the wave-encircled world;
—Britannia shared the glory and the guilt,
By her were Slavery's island-altars built,
And fed with human victims;—while the cries
Of blood, demanding vengeance from the skies,
Assailed her traders' groveling hearts in vain;
—Hearts dead to sympathy, alive to gain,
Hard from impunity with avarice cold,
Sordid as earth, insensible as gold.

Thus, through a night of ages, in whose shade
The sons of darkness plied the infernal trade,
Wild Africa beheld her tribes, at home,
In battle slain; abroad, condemned to roam
O'er the salt waves, in stranger-isles to bear,
(Forlorn of hope, and sold into despair,)
Through life's slow journey to its dolorous close,
Unseen, unwept, unutterable woes.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE

WEST-INDIES.

PART III.

ARGUMENT.

The love of Country, and of home, the same in all ages and among all nations.—The Negro's Home and Country.—Mungo Parke.—Progress of the Slave-Trade.—The Middle Passage.—The Negro in the West-Indies.—The Guinea Captain.—The Creole Planter.—The Moors of Barbary.—Bucaniers.—Maroons.—St. Domingo.—Hurricanes.—The Yellow Fever.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,

Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole:
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend,
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend:
Here women reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestick duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
'Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land THY COUNTRY, and that spot THY HOME!

On Greenland's rocks, o'er grim Kamschatka plain
In pale Siberia's desolate domains;
When the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,

The reindeer's spoil, the ermine's treasure shares,
And feasts his famine on the fat of bears;
Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,
Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
Plunging down headlong through the whirling main:
—His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye
Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky,
And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
His cavern-shelter, and his cottage-home.

O'er China's garden-fields and peopled floods;
In California's pathless world of woods;
Round Andes' heights, where Winter, from his throne,
Looks down in scorn upon the Summer zone;
By the gay borders of Bermudas' isles,
Where Spring with everlasting verdure smiles;
On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health;
In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink
'Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink;
On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's reverend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanished like a dream;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves
And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains and dishonored vales;
Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
Around the beautious Isles of Liberty;

—Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
His HOME the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

And is the *Negro* outlawed from his birth?
Is he alone a stranger on the earth?
Is there no shed, whose peeping roof appears
So lovely that it fills his eyes with tears?
No land, whose name, in exile heard, will dart
Ice through his veins and lightning through his heart?
Ah! yes; beneath the beams of brighter skies,
His home amidst his father's country lies;
There, with the partner of his soul, he shares
Love-mingled pleasures, love-divided cares;
There, as with nature's warmest, filial fire,
He soeths his blind, and feeds his helpless sire;
His children, sporting round his hut, behold
How they shall cherish him when he is old,
Trained by example, from their tenderest youth,
To deeds of charity and words of truth. *a*
---Is HE not blest? Behold! at closing day,
The negro-village swarms abroad to play;
He treads the dance through all its rapturous rounds,
To the wild musick of barbarian sounds;
Or, stretched at ease, where broad palmettos shower
Delicious coolness in his shadowy bower.

He feasts on tales of witchcraft, that give birth
To breathless wonder or ecstatick mirth:
Yet most delighted, when in rudest rhymes
The minstrel wakes the song of elder times,
When men were heroes, slaves to beauty's charms,
And all the joys of life were love and arms.
—Is not the Negro blest? His generous soil
With harvest plenty crowns his simple toil;
More than his wants his flocks and fields afford;
He loves to greet the stranger at his board:
'The winds were roaring and the White Man fled;
'The rains of night descended on his head;
'The poor White Man sat down beneath our tree,
'Weary and faint and far from home was he;
'For him no mother fills with milk the bowl,
'No wife prepares the bread to cheer his soul:
'—Pity the poor White Man who sought our tree,
'No wife, no mother, and no home has he.'
Thus sung the Negro's daughters;—once again,
O, that the poor White Man might hear that strain!
—Whether the victim of the treacherous Moor;
Or from the Negro's hospitable door
Spurned as a spy from Europe's hateful clime,
And left to perish for thy country's crime;
Or destined still, when all thy wanderings cease,
On Albion's lovely lap to rest in peace;
Pilgrim! in heaven or earth, where'er thou be,
Angels of mercy guide and comfort thee!

Thus lived the Negro in his native land,
Till Christian cruisers anchored on the strand;
Where'er their grasping arms the spoilers spread,
The Negro's joys, the Negro's virtues fled;
Till, far amidst the wilderness unknown,
They flourished in the sight of Heaven alone:
While from the coast, with wide and wider sweep,
The race of Mammon dragged across the deep
Their sable victims, to that western bourn,
From which no traveller might e'er return
To blazon, in the ears of future slaves,
The secrets of the world beyond the waves.

When the loud trumpet of eternal doom
Shall break the mortal bondage of the tomb;
When, with the mother's pangs, the expiring earth
Shall bring her children forth to second birth;
Then shall the sea's mysterious caverns, spread
With human relicks, render up their dead:
Though warm with life the heaving surges glow,
Where'er the winds of heaven were wont to blow,
In sevenfold phalanx shall the rallying hosts
Of ocean-slumberers join their wandering ghosts,
Along the melancholy gulf that roars
From Guinea to the Charibbean shores.
Myriads of slaves that perished on the way,
From age to age the shark's appointed prey,
By livid plagues, by lingering tortures slain,
Or headlong plunged alive into the main, b

Shall rise in judgement from their gloomy beds,
And call down vengeance on their murderers' heads.

Yet small the number, and the fortune blest,
Of those who on the stormy deep found rest,
Weighed with the unremembered millions more,
That 'scaped the sea, to perish on the shore,
By the slow pangs of solitary care,
The earth-devouring anguish of despair, c
The broken heart which kindness never heals,
The home-sick passion which the Negro feels,
When toiling, fainting in the land of canes,
His spirit wanders to his native plains;
His little, lovely dwelling there he sees,
Beneath the shade of his paternal trees,
The home of comfort:—then before his eyes,
The terrors of captivity arise.
—'Twas night: his babes around him lay at rest,
Their mother slumbered on their father's breast;
A yell of murder rang around their bed;
They woke; their cottage blazed; the victims fled;
Forth sprang the ambushed ruffians on their prey,
They caught, they bound, they drove them far away;
The white man bought them at the mart of blood;
In pestilential barks they crossed the flood;
Then were the wretched ones asunder torn,
To distant isles, to separate bondage borne,

Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief
That misery loves,---the fellowship of grief.

The Negro, spoiled of all that nature gave
The free-born man, thus shrunk into a slave,
His passive limbs to measured tasks confined,
Obeyed the impulse of another mind;
A silent, secret, terrible controul,
That ruled his sinews and repressed his soul.
Not for himself he waked at morning light,
Toiled the long day and sought repose at night;
His rest, his labour, pastime, strength and health,
Were only portions of a master's wealth;
His love---O, name not love, where Britons doom
The fruit of love to slavery from the womb!

Thus spurned, degraded, trampled and opprest,
The negro-exile languished in the West,
With nothing left of life but hated breath,
And not a hope except the hope in death,
To fly forever from the Creole-strand,
And dwell a freeman in his father-land.

Lives there a savage ruder than the slave?
---Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,
False as the winds that round his vessel blow,
Remorseless as the gulph that yawns below,
Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,
A Christian broker in the trade of blood;

Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,
He buys, he sells,---he steals, he kills, for gold.
At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,
Bends round his bark one blue, unbroken sphere;
When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,
And sunbeam-circles o'er the waters shine;
He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,
No soul-enchanting sweetness in the scene,
But darkly scowling at the glorious day,
Curses the winds that loiter on their way,
When swoln with hurricanes the billows rise,
To meet the lightning midway from the skies;
When from the unburthened hold his shrieking slaves
Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves;
Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,
Not for his crimes the hardened pirate weeps,
But grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more. *d*

Lives there a reptile baser than a slave? *e*
—Loathsome as death, corrupted as the grave,
See the dull Creole at his pompous board,
Attendant vassals cringing round their lord;
Satiate with food, his heavy eyelids close;
Voluptuous minions fan him to repose;
Prone on the noonday couch, he lolls in vain,
Delirious slumbers rock his maudlin brain;
He starts in horror from bewildering dreams,
His bloodshot eye with fire and frenzy gleams;

He stalks abroad through all his wonted rounds,
The Negro trembles, and the lash resounds,
And cries of anguish, shrilling through the air,
To distant fields his dread approach declare.
Mark, as he passes, every head declined;
Then slowly raised,—to curse him from behind.
This is the veriest wretch on nature's face,
Owned by no country, spurned by every race;
The tethered tyrant of one narrow span,
The bloated vampyre of a living man:
His frame,—a fungus form of dunghill birth,
That taints the air, and rots above the earth;
His soul;—has *he* a soul, whose sensual breast
Of selfish passions is a serpent's nest?
Who follows headlong, ignorant and blind,
The vague brute-instinct of an idiot mind;
Whose heart, 'midst scenes of suffering senseless grown,
Even in his mother's lap was chilled to stone;
Whose torpid pulse no social feelings move;
A stranger to the tenderness of love,
His motley haram charms his gloating eye,
Where ebon, brown, and olive beauties vie;
His children, sprung alike from sloth and vice,
Are born his slaves, and loved at market price:
Has *he* a soul?—With his departing breath,
A form shall hail him at the gates of death,
The spectre Conscience,—shrieking through the gloom,
'Man, we shall meet again beyond the tomb.'

O Africa ! amidst thy children's woes,
Did earth and heaven conspire to aid thy foes ?
No ;—thou hast vengeance.—From thy nothern shores
Sallied the lawless corsairs of the Moors,
And back on Europe's guilty nations hurled
Thy wrongs and sufferings in the sister world :
Deep in thy dungeons Christians clanked their chains,
Or toiled and perished on thy parching plains.

But where thine offspring crouched beneath the yoke,
In heavier peals the avenging thunder broke.
—Leagued with rapacious rovers of the main,
Hayti's barbarian hunters harassed Spain ; *f*
A mammoth race invincible in might,
Rapine and massacre their grim delight,
Peril their element ;—o'er land and flood
They carried fire, and quenched the flames with blood ;
Despairing captives hailed them from the coasts ;
They rushed to conquest, led by Charib ghosts.

Tremble, Britannia ! while thine islands tell
The appalling mysteries of Obi's spell ; *g*
The wild Maroons, impregnable and free,
Among the mountain-holds of Liberty,
Sudden as lightning darted on their foe,
Seen like the flash, remembered like the blow.

When Gallia boasts of dread Marengo's fight,
And Hohenlinden's slaughter-deluged night,

Her spirit sinks;—the sinews of the brave,
That crippled Europe, shrunk before the slave;
The demon-spectres of Domingo rise,
And all her triumphs vanish from her eyes.

God is a spirit, veiled from human sight
In secret darkness of eternal light;
Through all the glory of his works we trace
The hidings of his counsel and his face;
Nature, and time, and change, and fate fulfil
Unknown, unknowing, his mysterious will;
Mercies and judgements mark him every hour
Supreme in grace, and infinite in power:—
Oft o'er the Eden-islands of the West,
In floral pomp and verdant beauty drest,
Roll the dark clouds of his awakened ire;
—Thunder and earthquake, whirlwind, flood and fire,
'Midst reeling mountains and disparting plains,
Tell the pale world, 'The God of vengeance reigns.'

Nor in the majesty of storms alone,
The Eternal makes his fierce displeasure known;
At his command, the pestilence abhorred
Spares the poor slave, and smites the haughty lord;
While to the tomb he sees his friend consigned,
Foreboding melancholy sinks his mind,
Soon at his heart he feels the monster's fangs,
They tear his vitals with convulsive pangs;

The light is anguish to his eye, the air,
Sepulchral vapours, laden with despair;
Now frenzy horrours rack his whirling brain,
Tremendous pulses throb through every vein;
The firm earth sinks beneath his torture-bed,
The sky in ruins rushes o'er his head;
He rolls, he rages in consuming fires,
Till nature, spent with agony, expires.

END OF THE THIRD PART.

THE

WEST-INDIES.

PART IV.

ARGUMENT.

The Moravian Brethren.—Their Missions in Greenland, North America, and the West-Indies.—Christian Negroes.—The Advocates of the Negroes in England.—Granville Sharpe,—Clarkson,—Wilberforce,—Pitt,—Fox,—The Nation itself.—The Abolition of the Slave-Trade.—The future state of the West-Indies,—of Africa,—of the whole world.—The Millennium.

WAS there no mercy, mother of the slave!
No friendly hand to succour and to save,
While commerce thus thy captive tribes opprest,
And lowering Vengeance lingered o'er the West?
Yes, Africa! beneath the stranger's rod
They found the freedom of the sons of God.

When Europe languished in barbarian gloom,
Beneath the ghostly tyranny of Rome,

Whose second empire, cowled and mitred, burst
A phœnix from the ashes of the first;
From persecution's piles, by bigots fired,
Among Bohemian mountains Truth retired:
There, 'midst rude rocks, in lonely glens obscure,
She found a people scattered, scorned and poor,
A little flock through quiet vallies led,
A Christian Israel in the desert fed,
While ravening wolves, that scorned the shepherd's hand,
Laid waste God's heritage thro' every land.
With these the lovely Exile sojourned long;
Soothed by her presence, solaced by her song,
They toiled thro' danger, trials and distress,
A band of virgins in the wilderness,
With burning lamps, amid their secret bowers,
Counting the watches of the weary hours,
In patient hope the Bridegroom's voice to hear,
And see his banner in the clouds appear:
But when the morn returning chased the night,
These stars, that shone in darkness, sunk in light;
Luther, like Phosphor, led the conquering day,
His meek forerunners waned and passed away. *a*

Ages rolled by, the turf perennial bloomed
O'er the lorn relicks of those saints entombed;
No miracle proclaimed their power divine,
No kings adorned, no pilgrim kissed their shrine;

Cold and forgotten in the grave they slept;
But God remembered them:—their Father kept
A faithful remnant;—o'er their native clime
His Spirit moved in his appointed time;
The race revived at his almighty breath,
A seed to serve him, from the dust of death.
'Go forth, my sons, through heathen realms proclaim
'Mercy to sinners, in a Saviour's name:'
Thus spake the Lord; they heard, and they obeyed;
—Greenland lay wrapt in nature's heaviest shade:
Thither the ensign of the cross they bore;
The gaunt barbarians met them on the shore;
With joy and wonder hailing from afar,
Thro' polar storms, the light of Jacob's star.

Where roll Ohio's streams, Missouri's floods,
Beneath the umbrage of eternal woods,
The Red Man roamed, a hunter-warrior wild;
On him the everlasting Gospel smiled;
His heart was awed, confounded, pierced, subdued,
Divinely melted, moulded, and renewed;
The bold, base savage, nature's harshest clod,
Rose from the dust, the image of his God.

And thou, poor Negro! scorned of all mankind;
Thou dumb and impotent, and deaf and blind;
Thou dead in spirit, toil-degraded slave,
Crushed by the curse on Adam to the grave!

The messengers of peace, o'er land and sea,
That sought the sons of sorrow, stooped to thee.
—The captive raised his slow and sullen eye;
He knew no friend, nor deemed a friend was nigh,
Till the sweet tones of Pity touched his ears,
And Mercy bathed his bosom with her tears:
Strange were those tones, to him those tears were strange,
He wept, and wondered at the mighty change,
Felt the quick pang of keen compunction dart,
And heard a small, still whisper in his heart,
A voice from heaven that bade the outcast rise
From shame on earth, to glory in the skies.

From isle to isle the welcome tidings ran;
The slave that heard them started into man:
Like Peter, sleeping in his chains, he lay,
The angel came, his night was turned to day:
'Arise!' his fetters fall, his slumbers flee;
He wakes to life, he springs to liberty.

No more to demon-gods, in hideous forms,
He prayed for earthquakes, pestilence and storms,
In secret agony devoured the earth, *b*
And, while he spared his mother, cursed his birth:
To heaven the Christian Negro sent his sighs,
In morning vows and evening sacrifice;
He prayed for blessings to descend on those
That dealt to him the cup of many woes;

Thought of his home in Africa forlorn,
Yet, while he wept, rejoiced that he was born.
No longer burning with unholy fires,
He wallowed in the dust of base desires;
Ennobling virtues fixed his hopes above,
Enlarged his heart, and sanctified his love;
With humble steps the paths of peace he trod,
A happy pilgrim, for he walked with God.

Still, slowly spread the dawn of life and day,
In death and darkness pagan myriads lay;
Stronger and heavier chains than those that bind
The captive's limbs, enthralled his abject mind;
The yoke of man his neck indignant bore,
The yoke of sin his willing spirit wore.

Meanwhile, among the great, the brave, the free,
The matchless race of Albion and the sea,
Champions arose to plead the Negro's cause;
In the wide breach of violated laws,
Through which the torrent of injustice rolled,
They stood:---with zeal unconquerably bold,
They raised their voices, stretched their arms to save
From chains the freeman, from despair the slave;
The exile's heart-sick anguish to assuage,
And rescue Africk from the spoiler's rage.
She, miserable mother, from the shore,
Age after age, beheld the barks that bore

Her tribes to bondage :—with distraction wrung,
Wild as the lioness that seeks her young,
She flashed unheeded lightnings from her eyes,
Her inmost deserts echoing to her cries,
Till agony the sense of suffering stole,
And stern, unconscious grief benumbed her soul.
So Niobe, when all her race were slain,
In ecstacy of wo forgot her pain;
Cold in her eye serenest horror shone,
While pitying Nature soothed her into stone.

Thus Africa, entranced with sorrow, stood,
Her fixt eye gleaming on the restless flood;
—When Sharpe, on proud Britannia's charted shore, *c*
From Lybian limbs the unsanctioned fetters tore,
And taught the world, that, while she rules the waves,
Her soil is freedom to the feet of slaves:
—When Clarkson his victorious course began; *d*
Unyielded in the cause of God and man,
Wise, patient, persevering to the end,
No guile could thwart, no power his purpose bend,
He rose o'er Africk like the sun in smiles,
He rests in glory on the western isles;
—When Wilberforce, the minister of grace,
The new Las Casas of a ruined race, *e*
With angel-might opposed the rage of hell,
And fought, like Michael, till the dragon fell;
—When Pitt, supreme amid the senate rose
The Negro's friend, among the Negro's foes;

while his tones, like heaven's high thunder broke,
fire descended to consume the yoke:
'hen Fox, all-eloquent, for freedom stood,
h speech resistless as the voice of blood;
voice that cries through all the Patriot's veins,
en at his feet his country groans in chains:
voice that whispers in the mother's breast,
en smiles her infant in his rosy rest;
ower to bid the storm of passion roll,
ouch with sweetest tenderness the soul.
spake in vain;—till, with his latest breath,
broke the spell of Africa in death.

'he Muse, to whom the lyre and lute belong,
ose song of freedom is her noblest song,
: lyre with awful indignation swept,
r the sweet lute in silent sorrow wept,
'hen Albion's crimes drew thunder from her tongue,
'hen Africk's woes o'erwhelmed her while she sung.
nented Cowper! in thy path I tread;
hat on me were thy meek spirit shed!
e woes that wring my bosom once were thine;
all thy virtues, all thy genius mine!
ace to thy soul! thy God my portion be;
d in His presence may I rest with thee!

Quick at the call of Virtue, Freedom, Truth,
ak, withering age, and strong, aspiring youth,

Alike the expanding power of pity felt;
The coldest, hardest heart began to melt;
From breast to breast, the flame of justice glowed;
While o'er its banks the Nile of mercy flowed;
Thro' all the isles the gradual waters swelled;
Mammon in vain the encircling flood repelled;
O'erthrown at length, like Pharaoh and his host,
His shipwrecked hopes lay scattered round the coast.

High on her rock in solitary state,
Sublimely musing, pale Britannia sate!
Her awful forehead on her spear reclined,
Her robe and tresses streaming with the wind;
Chill thro' her frame foreboding tremours crept;
The Mother thought upon her sons, and wept;
---She thought of Nelson, in the battle slain,
And his last signal beaming o'er the main;
In Glory's circling arms the hero bled,
While Victory bound the laurel on his head;
At once immortal, in both worlds, became
His soaring spirit and abiding name:
---She tho't of Pitt, heart-broken on his bier;
And, 'O, my country!' echoed in her ear:
---She thought of Fox; she heard him faintly speak,
His parting breath grew cold upon her cheek,
His dying accents trembled into air;
'Spare injured Africa! the Negro spare!'

She started from her trance !---and round the shore
Beheld her supplicating sons once more
Pleading the suit so long, so vainly tried,
Renewed, resisted, promised, pledged, denied,
The Negro's claim to all his Maker gave,
And all the tyrant ravished from the slave.
Her yielding heart confessed the righteous claim,
Sorrow had softened it, and love o'ercame ;
Shame flushed her noble cheek, her bosom burned ;
To helpless, hopeless Africa she turned ;
She saw her sister in the Mourner's face,
And rushed with tears into her dark embrace :
'All hail !' exclaimed the empress of the sea,
'Thy chains are broken, Africa, be free !'
'All hail !' replied the Mourner, 'she who broke
'My bonds shall never wear a stranger's yoke.'

Muse ! take the harp of prophesy :---behold !
The glories of a brighter age unfold ;
Friends of the outcast ! view the accomplished plan,
The Negro, towering to the height of man.
The blood of Romans, Saxons, Gauls and Danes,
Swelled the rich fountain of the Briton's veins ;
Unmingled streams a warmer life impart,
And quicker pulses to the Negro's heart :
A dusky race, beneath the evening sun,
Shall blend their spousal currents into one :
Is beauty bound to colour, shape or air ?
No ; God created all his offspring fair.

Tyrant and slave their tribe shall never see,
For God created all his offspring free;
Then Justice, leagued with Mercy from above,
Shall reign in all the liberty of love;
And the sweet shores beneath the balmy west
Again shall be the 'islands of the blest.'

Unutterable mysteries of fate
Involve, O Africa! thy future state.
---On Niger's banks, in lonely beauty wild,
A Negro-mother carols to her child:
'Son of my widowed love, my orphan joy!
'Avenge thy father's murder, O my boy!'
Along those banks the fearless *infant* strays
Bathes in the stream, among the eddies plays;
See the *boy* bounding through the eager race;
The fierce *youth* shouting foremost in the chace,
Drives the grim lion from his ancient woods,
And smites the crocodile amidst his floods.
To giant strength in unshorn *manhood* grown,
He haunts the wilderness, he dwells alone.
A tigress with her whelps to seize him sprung,
He tears the mother and he tames the young
In the drear cavern of their native rock;
Thither wild slaves and fell banditti flock:
He heads their hordes: they burst like torrid rains,
In death and devastation o'er the plains;
Stronger and bolder grows his ruffian hand,
Prouder his heart, more terrible his hand.

He spreads his banner : crowding from afar,
Innumerable armies rush to war ;
Resistless, as the pillared whirlwinds fly
O'er Lybian sands, revolving to the sky,
In fire and wrath through every realm they run,
Where the noon-shadow shrinks beneath the sun ;
Till at the conqueror's feet, from sea to sea,
A hundred nations bow the servile knee,
And throned in nature's unrevealed domains,
The Jenghis Khan of Africa he reigns.

Dim through the night of these tempestuous years,
A Sabbath dawn o'er Africa appears ;
Then shall her neck from Europe's yoke be freed,
And healing arts to hideous arms succeed ;
At home fraternal bonds her tribes shall bind,
Commerce abroad espouse them with mankind,
While truth shall build, and pure religion bless
The church of God, amidst the wilderness.

Nor in the isles and Africa alone
Be the Redeemer's cross and triumph known :
Father of mercies ! speed the promised hour ;
Thy kingdom come with all-restoring power ;
Peace, virtue, knowledge, spread from pole to pole,
As round the earth the ocean waters roll !
—Hope waits the morning of celestial light !
Time plumes his wings for everlasting flight ;

Unchanging seasons have their march begun ;
Millennial years are hastening to the sun ;
Seen through thick clouds, by Faith's transpiercin
eyes,
The New Creation shines in purer skies.
---All hail !---the age of crime and suffering ends;
The reign of righteousness from heaven descends ;
Vengeance for ever sheathes the afflicting sword ;
Death is destroyed, and Paradise restored ;
Man, rising from the ruins of his fall,
Is one with God, and God is All in All !

END OF THE FOURH AND LAST PART.

NOTES.

NOTES.

PART I.

Note *a.*—page 85.

Far as Niger rolls his eastern tide.

Mungo Parke, in his travels, ascertained that "the great river of the Negroes" flows *eastward.* It is probable, therefore, that this river is either lost among the sands, or empties itself into some inland sea, in the undiscovered regions of Africa.—*See also Part II. line* 64.

Note *b.*—p. 88.

Denied to ages, but betrothed to me.

When the author of *The West-Indies* conceived the plan of this introduction of Columbus, he was not aware that he was indebted to any preceding poet for a hint on the subject; but, some time afterwards, on a second perusal of SOUTHEY'S MADOC, it struck him that the idea of Columbus walking on the shore at sunset, which he had hither imagined his own, might

be only a reflection of the impression made upon his mind long before, by the first reading of the following splendid passage. He therefore gladly made this acknowledgment, though at his own expense, in justice to the author of the noblest narrative Poem in the English Language, after the FAERIE QUEENE, and PARADISE LOST.

'When evening came, toward the echoing shore,
'I and Cadwallon walk'd together forth;
'Bright with dilated glory shone the west;
'But brighter lay the ocean flood below,
'The burnish'd, silver sea, that heav'd and flash'd
'Its restless rays intolerably bright.
"Prince!" quoth Cadwallon, "thou hast rode the waves
"In triumph, when the Invader felt thine arm.
"O! what a nobler conquest might be won
"There,---upon that wide field!"---'What meanest thou?"
'I cried;'---"That yonder waters are not spread
"A boundless waste, a bourn impassable;
"That thou shouldst rule the elements;---that there
"Might manly courage, manly wisdom find
"Some happy isles some undiscovered shore,
"Some resting place for peace. O! that my soul
"Could seize the wings of morning! soon would I
"Behold that other world, where yonder sun
"Now speeds to dawn in glory."

PART II.

Note *a*. p. 95.

An eastern plant, ingrafted on the soil.

The cane is said to have been first transplanted from Madeira to the Brazils, by the Portuguese, and afterwards introduced by the Spaniards into the Charibbee Islands.---*See also line 21, below.*

PART III.

Note *a*. p. 108.

To deeds of charity and words of truth.

Dr. Winterbotham says, 'The respect which the Africans pay to *old people* is very great.---One of the severest insults which can be offered to an African is, to speak disrespectfully of his mother.'---'The negro race is, perhaps, the most prolifick of all the human species. Their infancy and youth are singularly happy. The mothers are passionately fond of their children.---*Goldbury's Travels.*---"Strike me," said my attendant, "but do not curse my mother."---The same sentiment I found universally to prevail.---One of the first lessons in which the Mandingo women instruct their children is the *practice of truth.*---It

'was the only consolation for a negro mother whose 'son had been murdered by the Moors, that *the poor boy had never told a lie.*'---*Parke's Travels.* The description of African life and manners that follows, and the song of the Negro's daughter, are copied without exaggeration, from the authentick accounts of Mungo Parke.

Note *b.* p. 110.

Or headlong plunged alive into the main.

On this subject the following instance of almost incredible cruelty was substantiated in a court of justice.

'In this year, (1783) certain underwriters desired 'to be heard against Gregson and others, of Liverpool, 'in the case of the ship Zong, captain Collingwood, al-'leging that the captain and officers of the said vessel 'threw overboard one hundred and thirty-two slaves 'alive into the sea, in order to defraud them, by claim-'ing the value of the said slaves, as if they had been 'lost in a natural way. In the course of the trial, 'which afterwards came on, it appeared that the 'slaves on board the Zong were very sickly; that six-'ty of them had already died; and several were ill, 'and likely to die, when the captain proposed to 'James Kelsal, the mate, and others, to throw several 'of them overboard, stating, "that if they died a nat-"ural death, the loss would fall upon the owners of "the ship; but that, if they were thrown into the sea, "it would fall upon the underwriters." He selected,

'accordingly, one hundred and thirty-two of the most 'sickly of the slaves. Fifty-four of these were imme-'diately thrown overboard, and forty-two were made 'to be partakers of their fate on the succeeding day. 'In the course of three days afterwards, the remaining 'twenty-six were brought upon deck, to complete the number of victims. The first sixteen submitted to 'be thrown into the sea, but the rest, with a noble res-'olution, would not suffer the officers to touch them, but 'leaped after their companions, and shared their fate.

'The plea which was set up in behalf of this atro-'cious and unparalleled act of wickedness, was, that 'the captain discovered, when he made the proposal, 'that he had only two hundred gallons of water on 'board, and that he had missed his port. It was proved, 'however, in answer to this, that no one had been put 'upon short allowance; and that, as if Providence had 'determined to afford an unequivocal proof of the guilt, 'a shower of rain fell, and continued for three days, im-'mediately after the second lot of slaves had been de-'stroyed, by means of which they might have filled 'many of their vessels with water,* and thus have 'prevented all necessity for the destruction of the third.

'Mr. Sharpe was present at this trial, and procured 'the attendance of a short-hand writer to take down 'the facts which should come out in the course of it. 'These he gave to the publick afterwards. He com-

*It appeared that they filled six.

'municated them also, with a copy of the trial, to the 'Lords of the Admiralty, as the guardians of justice 'upon the seas, and to the Duke of Portland, as princi-'pal minister of state. No notice, however, was 'taken by any of these of the information which had 'been thus sent them.---*Clarkson's History of the Abolition*, &c. p. 95---7.

Note *c*. p. 111.

The earth-devouring anguish of despair.

The Negroes, sometimes, in deep and irrecoverable melancholy, waste themselves away, by secretly swallowing large quantities of earth. It is remarkable that 'earth-eating,' as it is called, is an *infectious*, and even a *social* malady: plantations have been occasionally almost depopulated, by the slaves, with one consent, betaking themselves, to this strange practice, which speedily brings them to a miserable and premature end.

Note *d*.—p. 113.

Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.

See Note *b*.

Note *e*.—p. 113.

Lives there a reptile baser than a slave?

The character of the Creole Planter here drawn is justified both by reason and fact; it is no monster of

magination, though, for the credit of human nature, ve may hope that it is a monster as rare as it is shocking. It is the double curse of slavery to degrade all vho are, concerned with it, *doing or suffering*. The lave himself is the lowest in the scale of human beags,—except the slave-dealer. Dr. Pinkard's *Notes n the West-Indies*, and Captain Stedman's *Account f Surinam*, afford examples of the cruelty, ignorance, loth and sensuality of Creole Planters, particularly in)utch Guinea, which fully equal the epitome of vice nd abomination exhibited in these lines.

Note *f*.—p. 115.

Leagued with rapacious rovers of the main
Hayti's barbarian hunters harrassed Spain.

Alluding to the freebooters and bucaniers who infest l the Charibbean seas during the sixteenth and sevnteenth centuries, and were equally renowned for ieir valour and brutality.

Note *g*.—p. 115.

The appalling mysteries of Obi's spell.

See Dallas' *History of the Maroons*, among the ountains of Jamaica; also, Dr. Moseley's *Treatise* *Sugar*.

Note *h.*—p. 116.

Nor in the majesty of storms alone.

For minute and afflicting details of the origin and progress of the yellow fever in an individual subject, see Dr. Pinkard's *Notes on the West-Indies*, Vol. III. particularly Letter XII. in which the writer, from experience, describes its horrours and sufferings.

PART IV.

Note *a.*—p. 120.

His meek forerunners waned, and passed away.

The context preceding and following this line, alludes to the old Bohemian and Moravian Brethren, who flourished long before the Reformation, but afterwards were almost lost among the protestants, till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when their ancient episcopal church was revived at Lusatia, by some refugees from Moravia. See Crantz's *Ancient and Modern History of the Brethren.* Histories of the missions of the Brethren in Greenland, North America, and the West-Indies, have been published in Germany: those of the two former have been translated into English.

See Crantz's *History of Greenland*, and Loskiel's *History of the Brethren among the Indians in North America.* It is only justice here to observe, that Christians of other denominations have exerted themselves with great success in the conversion of the Negroes. No invidious preference is intended to be given to the Moravians; but, knowing them best, the author particularized this society.

Note *b*.—p. 122.

In secret agony devoured the earth,
And, while he spared his mother, cursed his birth.

See Notes *b* and *c*, Part III.

Note *c*.—p. 124.

When Sharpe, on proud Britannia's chartered shore.

Granville Sharpe, Esq. after a struggle of many years against authority and precedent, established in our courts of justice, the *law of the Constitution*, that there *are* no slaves in England, and that the fact of a Negro being found in this country is of itself a proof that he is a freeman.

Note *d*.—p. 124.

When Clarkson his victorious course began.

No panegyrick which a conscientious writer can bestow, or a good man may receive, will be deemed ex-

travagant for the modest merit of Mr. Clarkson, by those who are acquainted with his labours.—*See his History of the Abolition*, &c. two volumes, lately published.

Note *e*.—p. 124.

The new Las Casas of a ruined race.

The author of this poem confesses himself under many obligations to Mr. Wilberforce's eloquent letter on the Abolition of the Slave-Trade, addressed to the Freeholders of Yorkshire, and published in 1807, previous to the decision of the question. Las Casas has been accused of being *a promoter*, if not *the original projector*, of the Negro Slave-Trade to the West-Indies. —The Abbé Gregoire some years ago published a defence of this great and good man against the degrading imputation. The following, among other arguments which he advances, are well worthy of consideration.

The Slave-Trade between Africa and the West-Indies commenced, according to Herrera himself, the first and indeed the only accuser of Las Casas, nineteen years before the epoch of his pretended project.

Herrera (from whom other authors have negligently taken the fact for granted, on his bare word) does not quote a single authority in support of his assertion, that Las Casas recommended the importation of Negroes into Hispaniola. The charge itself was *first* pub-

lished thirty-five years after the death of Las Casas. All writers antecedent to Herrera, and contemporary with him, are silent on the subject, although several of these were the avowed enemies of Las Casas. Herrera's veracity on other points is much disputed, and he displays violent prejudices against the man whom he accuses. It may be added, that he was greatly indebted to him for information, as an historian of the Indies.

In the numerous writings of Las Casas himself, still extant, there is not one word in favour of slavery of any kind, but they abound with reasoning and invective against it in every shape; and, among his eloquent appeals and comprehensive plans on behalf of the oppressed Indians, there is not a solitary hint in recommendation of the African Slave-Trade. He only twice mentions the negroes through all his multifarious writings: in one instance he merely names them as living in the islands, (in a manuscript in the National Library at Paris;) and in the same work he proposes *no other* remedy for the miseries of the aboriginal inhabitants, than the suppression of the *repartimentos*, or divisions of the *people*, with the soil on which they were born. In another memorial, after detailing at great length the measures which ought to be pursued for the redress of the Indians, (the proper opportunity, certainly, to advocate the Negro Slave-Trade, if he approved of it,) he adds—'The Indians are not more tormented by their masters and the different publick officers, than by their servants *and by the Negroes.*

The original accusation of Las Casas, translated from the words of Herrera, is as follows:—The licentiate 'Bartholomew Las Casas, perceiving that his plans ex-'perienced on all sides great difficulties, and that the 'expectations which he had formed from his con-'nexion with the High Chancellor, and the favour-'able opinion the latter entertained of him, had not 'produced any effect, projected other expedients, 'such as, *to procure for the Castilians established in 'the Indies, a cargo of Negroes*, to relieve the Indians 'in the culture of the earth and the labour of the 'mines; also, to obtain a *great number of working 'men*, (from Europe,) who should pass over into those 'regions with certain privileges, and on certain condi-'ditions, which he detailed.'

Let this statement be compared with Dr. Robertson's most exaggerated account, avowedly taken *from Herrera alone*, and let every man judge for himself, whether one of the most zealous and indefatigable advocates of freedom that ever existed, 'while he contended 'earnestly for the liberty of the people in one quarter 'of the globe, *laboured* to enslave the inhabitants of 'another region, and in his zeal to save the Americans 'from the yoke, pronounced it to be *lawful and expe-'dient* to impose one *still heavier* on the Africans.'—Robertson's *History of America*, Vol. I. Part III. But the circumstances *connected by Dr. Robertson with this supposed scheme* of Las Casas is unwarranted by any authority, and makes his own of no value. He

adds,—'the plan of Las Casas was adopted. Charles V. granted a patent to one of his Flemish favourites, containing an exclusive right of importing four thousand Negroes into America.' Herrera, the only author whom Dr. Robertson pretends to follow, does not, in any place, associate his random charge against Las Casas with this acknowledged and most infamous fact. The crime of having first recommended the importation of African slaves into the American islands is attributed, by three writers of the life of Cardinal Ximenes, (who rendered himself illustrious by his opposition to the trade in its infancy,) to *Chievers*, and by two others to *the Flemish nobility themselves*, who obtained the monopoly aforementioned, and which was sold to 'some Genoese merchants for 25,000 du-'cats: and *they* were *the first* who brought into a 'regular form that commerce for slaves, between Afri-'ca and America, which has since been carried on to 'such an amazing extent.'—It is unnecessary to say more on this subject. A translation of Gregoire's defence of Las Casas was published in 1808, by *H. D. Symonds, Paternoster-Row.*

Note *f.*—p. 126.

And his last signal beaming o'er the main.

'England expects every man to do his duty.'

LYRICK PIECES.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found,
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild;
I perish;—Oh, my Mother Earth!
Take home thy Child!

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind,
Resembling me.

Hark !—a strange sound affrights mine ear ;
My pulse—my brain runs wild—I rave ;
—Ah ! who art thou whose voice I hear ?
—" I am THE GRAVE.

" The GRAVE, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide :
O listen !—I will speak no more :
Be silent, Pride !

" Art thou a WRETCH, of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care ?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair ?

" Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast ?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest ?

" Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee ?
Ah ! think not, hope not, Fool ! to find
A friend in me.

" By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell !
By the dread secrets of my womb,
By Death and Hell !

"I charge thee, LIVE!—repent and pray;
In dust thine infamy deplore;
There yet is mercy;—go thy way,
And sin no more.

"Art thou a MOURNER?—Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?

"O LIVE!—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"Art thou a WANDERER?—hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark?

"Tho' long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
LIVE!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

"To FRIENDSHIP didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast, to aim
A surer blow?

"LIVE!—and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told:
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For Friendship's gold.

"Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And sooth the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

"Did WOMAN'S charms thy youth beguile,
And did the Fair One faithless prove?
Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,
And sold thy love?

"LIVE!—'twas a false bewildering fire,
Too often Love's insiduous dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

"Thou yet shalt know, how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening beauty's eye!
To ask,—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply.

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In Woman's love.

" —Whate'er thy lot,—Whoe'er thou be,—
Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of GOD.

" A bruised reed HE will not break ;
Afflictions all his children feel ;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal !

" Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore :
'Tis done !—Arise ! HE bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

" Now, Traveller in the vale of tears !
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

" There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found :
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground ;

" The Soul, of origin divine,
GOD's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day !

"The SUN is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The SOUL, immortal as its Sire,
SHALL NEVER DIE."

THE LYRE.

"AH! WHO WOULD LOVE THE LYRE!"
W. B. Stevens.

WHERE the roving rill meander'd,
Down the green, retiring vale,
Poor, forlorn ALCÆUS wander'd
Pale with thought, serenely pale:
Timely sorrow o'er his face,
Breath'd a melancholy grace,
And fix'd on every feature there
The mournful resignation of despair.

O'er his arm, his lyre neglected,
Once his dear companion, hung,
And, in spirit deep dejected,
Thus the pensive Poet sung;
While, at midnight's solemn noon,
Sweetly shone the cloudless moon,
And all the stars, around his head,
Benignly bright, their mildest influence shed.

"Lyre! O Lyre! my chosen treasure,
"Solace of my bleeding heart!
"Lyre! O Lyre! my only pleasure,
"We must now for ever part;
"For in vain thy poet sings,
"Woos in vain thine heavenly strings;
"The Muses, wretched sons are born
"To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

"That which ALEXANDER sigh'd for,
"That which CÆSAR's soul possess'd
"That which heroes, kings, have died for,
"Glory!—animates my breast:
"Hark! the charging trumpets' throats
"Pour their death-defying notes;
"—'To arms!' they call; to arms I fly,
"Like WOLFE to conquer—and like WOLFE to die!

"Soft!—the blood of murder'd legions,
"Summons vengeance from the skies;
"Flaming towns, and ravaged regions,
"All in awful judgement rise!
"O then, innocently brave,
"I will wrestle with the wave;
"Lo! Commerce spreads the daring sail,
"And yokes her naval chariots to the gale.

"Blow ye breezes! gently blowing,
"Waft me to that happy shore,
"Where from fountains ever flowing,
"Indian realms their treasures pour;
"Thence returning, poor in health,
"Rich in honesty and wealth,
"O'er thee, my dear paternal soil!
"I'll strew the golden harvest of my toil.

"Then shall Misery's sons and daughters
"In their lowly dwellings sing;
"Bounteous as the Nile's dark waters,
"Undiscover'd as their spring,
"I will scatter o'er the land
"Blessings with a secret hand;
"For such angelic task design'd,
"I give the Lyre and sorrow to the wind."

On an oak, whose branches hoary
Sigh'd to every passing breeze,
Sigh'd, and told the simple story
Of the patriarch of trees;
High in air his harp he hung,
Now no more to rapture strung;
Then warm in hope, no longer pale,
He blush'd adieu, and rambled down the dale.

Lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
Hark !—the Lyre enchants the wind ;
Fond ALCÆUS listens, lingers,
Lingering, listening, looks behind.
Now the musick mounts on high,
Sweetly swelling through the sky ;
To every tone, with tender heat,
His heart-strings vibrate, and his pulses beat.

Now the strains to silence stealing,
Soft its ecstacies expire ;
Oh ! with what romantick feeling
Poor ALCÆUS grasps the Lyre !
Lo ! his furious hand he flings
In a tempest, o'er the strings ;
He strikes the chords so quick, so loud,
'Tis JOVE that scatters lightning from a cloud !

"Lyre ! O Lyre ! my chosen treasure,
Solace of my bleeding heart ;
"Lyre ! O Lyre ! my only pleasure,
"We will never, never part !
"Glory, Commerce, now in vain,
"Tempt me to the field, the main ;
"The Muses' sons are blest, though born
"To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

"What though all the world neglect me,
"Shall my haughty soul repine?
"And shall poverty deject me,
"While this hallow'd Lyre is mine?
"Heaven—that o'er my helpless head,
"Many a wrathful vial shed,
"Heaven gave this Lyre!—and thus decreed,
"Be thou a *bruis'd*, but not a *broken* reed."

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

AH! why, unfeeling WINTER! why
Still flags thy torpid wing?
Fly, Melancholy Season, fly,
And yield the year to SPRING.

SPRING—the young harbinger of love,
An exile in disgrace,—
Flits o'er the scene, like NOAH'S dove
Nor finds a resting place.

When on the mountain's azure peak
Alights her fairy form,
Cold blow the winds,—and dark and bleak
Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair
  For shelter and defence,
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
  And drives her, weeping, thence.

She seeks the brook—the faithless brook,
  Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magic of thy look,
  And lingers into stone.

She woos her embryo flowers in vain,
  To rear their infant heads;
Deaf to her voice, her flowers remain
  Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
  Their green luxuriant charms;—
Bare in the wilderness they stand,
  And stretch their withering arms.

Her favourite birds, in feeble notes,
  Lament thy long delay;
And strain their little stammering throats,
  To charm thy blasts away.

Ah, WINTER! calm thy cruel rage,
  Release the struggling year;
Thy power is past, decrepit Sage!
  Arise and disappear.

The stars that graced thy splendid night
  Are lost in warmer rays;
The Sun, rejoicing in his might,
  Unrols celestial days.

Then why, usurping WINTER, why
  Still flags thy frozen wing?
Fly unrelenting tyrant by—
  And yield the year to SPRING!

SONG.

ROUND LOVE'S Elysian bowers,
  The fairest prospects rise;
There bloom the sweetest flowers,
  There shine the purest skies:
And joy and rapture gild awhile
The cloudless heaven of BEAUTY'S smile.

Round LOVE'S deserted bowers
  Tremendous rocks arise;
Cold mildews blight the flowers,
  Tornadoes rend the skies:
And PLEASURE'S waning moon goes down
—Amid the night of BEAUTY'S frown.

Then YOUTH, thou fond believer!
  The wily Syren shun:
Who trusts the dear Deceiver
  Will surely be undone!
When BEAUTY triumphs, ah! beware,
Her smile is hope!—her frown despair!

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER

A DRAWING OF YARDLEY OAK,

CELEBRATED BY COWPER.

See Haley's Life and Letters of W. Cowper, Esq.

THIS sole survivor of a race
Of giant oaks, where once the wood
Rang with the battle or the chace,
In stern and lonely grandeur stood.

From age to age, it slowly spread
Its gradual boughs to sun and wind;
From age to age, its noble head
As slowly wither'd and declined.

A thousand years are like a day,
When fled;—no longer known than seen;
This tree was doom'd to pass away,
And be, as if it ne'er had been;—

But mournful COWPER, wandering nigh,
For rest beneath its shadow came,
When lo! the voice of days gone by
Ascended from its hollow frame.

O that the Poet had reveal'd
The words of those prophetick strains,
Ere Death the eternal mystery seal'd!
——Yet in his song the Oak remains.

And fresh in undecaying prime,
There may it live, beyond the power
Of storm and earthquake, Man and Time,
Till Nature's conflagration-hour.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR A SOCIETY WHOSE MOTTO WAS "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH."

WHEN "Friendship, Love, and Truth" abound
Among a band of BROTHERS,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others:

Sweet roses grace the thorny way,
  Along this vale of sorrow;
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day,
  Shall bloom again to-morrrow:
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH."

On halcyon wings our moments pass,
  Life's cruel cares beguiling;
Old TIME lays down his scythe and glass,
  In gay good humour smiling:
With ermine beard, and forelock grey,
  His reverend front adorning,
He looks like Winter turned to May,
  Night soften'd into Morning!
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH."

From these delightful fountains flow
  Ambrosial rills of pleasure:
Can man desire, can heaven bestow,
  A more resplendent treasure!
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright
  We'll form a Constellation,
Where every star, with modest light,
  Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH!"

RELIGION.

AN OCCASIONAL HYMN.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound,
  The fainting traveller winds his way;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
  And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye,
  The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky,
  The guardian angel of the night!

Thus mortals, blind and weak, below
  Pursue the phantom Bliss, in vain;
The world's a wilderness of wo,
  And life a pilgrimage of pain!

Till mild RELIGION, from above,
  Descends, a sweet engaging form,
The messenger of heavenly love,
  The bow of promise in a storm!

Then guilty passions wing their flight,
  Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease;
Religion's yoke is soft and light,
  And all her paths are paths of peace.

Ambition, pride, revenge depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod;
She makes the humble, contrite heart
A temple of the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

At her approach the Grave appears
The Gate of Paradise restored;
Her voice the watching cherub hears,
And drops his double flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain;
Rise when the Host of heaven expire,
And reign with God, forever reign.

"THE JOY OF GRIEF."

Ossian.

SWEET the hour of tribulation,
  When the heart can freely sigh;
And the tear of resignation
  Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
  Tremble through your troubled breast;
Soft as evening o'er the ocean,
  When she charms the waves to rest?

Have you lost a friend, or brother?
  Heard a father's parting breath?
Gazed upon a lifeless mother,
  Till she seem'd to wake from death?

Have you felt a spouse expiring
  In your arms, before your view?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
  From her eyes, that broke on you?

Did not grief then grow romantick,
  Raving on remember'd bliss?
Did you not, with fervour frantick,
  Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?

Yes! but, when you had resign'd her,
  Life and you were reconciled;
ANNA left—she left behind her,
  One, one dear, one only child.

But before the green moss peeping,
  His poor mother's grave array'd,
In that grave, the infant sleeping
  On the mother's lap was laid.

Horrour then, your heart congealing,
  Chill'd you with intense despair;
Can you call to mind the feeling;—
  No! there was no feeling there!

From that gloomy trance of sorrow,
  When you woke to pangs unknown,
How unwelcome was the morrow,
  For it rose on YOU ALONE.

Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
  Can the poor heart always ache?
No; the tortured nerve will languish,
  Or the strings of life must break.

O'er the yielding brow of sadness,
  One faint smile of comfort stole;
One soft pang of tender gladness
  Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of wo are healing,
  While the heart is all resign'd,
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
  'Tis the sabbath of the mind.

Pensive Memory then retraces
  Scenes of bliss forever fled,
Lives in former times and places,
  Holds communion with the dead.

And when night's prophetick slumbers
  Rend the veil to mortal eyes,
From their tombs the sainted numbers
  Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,
  Heard a dear, dead father speak;
Proved the fondness of a mother,
  Felt her tears upon your cheek!

Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
  You have clasp'd a consort's charms,
And received your infant smiling
  From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
  While you mourn'd the vision gone,
Bright the morning star arising
  Open'd Heaven, from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending,
  Rose in ecstacy sublime,
Thither all your hopes ascending
  Triumph'd over death and time.

Thus afflicted, bruised, and broken,
  Have you known such sweet relief?
Yes, my friend! and by this token,
  You have felt, "THE JOY OF GRIEF."

THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

At Thebes, in ancient Egypt, was erected a statue of *Memnon*, with a harp in his hand, which is said to have hailed with delightful musick, the rising sun, and in melancholy tones to have mourned his departure. The introduction of this celebrated Lyre, on a modern occasion, will be censured as an anachronism by those only who think that its chords have been touched unskilfully.

HARP of Memnon! sweetly strung
  To the musick of the spheres:
While the HERO's dirge is sung,
  Breathe enchantment to our ears.

As the sun's descending beams,
  Glancing o'er thy feeling wire,
Kindle every chord that gleams,
  Like a ray of heavenly fire:

Let thy numbers, soft and slow,
  O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Sooth the dying, while they flow
  To the memory of the dead.

Bright as VENUS, newly born,
  Blushing at her maiden charms;
Fresh from ocean rose the Morn,
  When the trumpet blew to arms.

O that Time had staid his flight,
  Ere that Morning left the main:
Fatal as the EGYPTIAN night,
  When the eldest born were slain!

Lash'd to madness by the wind,
  As the Red Sea surges roar,
Leave a gloomy gulph behind,
  And devour the shrinking shore;

Thus, with overwhelming pride,
  GALLIA's brightest, boldest boast,
In a deep and dreadful tide,
  Roll'd upon the BRITISH host.

Dauntless these their station held
  Though, with unextinguished ire,
GALLIA's legions, thrice repelled,
  Thrice return'd through blood and fire.

Thus, above the storms of time,
  Towering to the sacred spheres,
Stands the Pyramids sublime,—
  Rocks amid the flood of years!

Now the veteran Chief drew nigh,
  Conquest towering on his crest,
Valour beaming from his eye,
  Pity bleeding in his breast.

Britian saw him thus advance,
  In her Guardian-Angel's form;
But he lower'd on hostile France,
  Like the Demon of the Storm.

On the whirlwind of the war
  High he rode in vengeance dire;
To his friends a leading star,
  To his foes consuming fire.

Then the mighty pour'd their breath,
  Slaughter feasted on the brave;
'Twas the Carnival of Death!
  'Twas the Vintage of the Grave!

Charged with ABERCROMBIE's doom,
  Lightning wing'd a cruel ball:
'Twas the Herald of the Tomb,
  And the HERO felt the call.

Felt—and raised his arm on high;
  Victory well the signal knew,
Darted from his awful eye,
  And the force of France o'erthrew.

But the horrours of that fight,
  Were the weeping Muse to tell;
O 'twould cleave the womb of night,
  And awake the dead that fell!

Gash'd with honourable scars,
  Low in Glory's lap they lie:
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
  Streaming splendour through the sky

Yet shall Memory mourn that day,
  When with expectation pale
Of her soldier far away,
  The poor widow hears her tale.

In imagination wild,
  She shall wander o'er this plain;
Rave,—and bid her orphan child
  Seek his sire among the slain.

Gently, from the western deep,
  O ye evening breezes, rise!
O'er the lyre of Memnon sweep,
  Wake its spirits with your sighs.

Harp of Memnon! sweetly strung
  To the musick of the spheres;
While the HERO's dirge is sung,
  Breathe enchantment to our ears.

Let thy numbers soft and slow
  O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Sooth the dying, while they flow
  To the memory of the dead.

None but solemn, tender tones,
  Tremble from thy plaintive wires:
Hard! the wounded Warrior groans!
  Hush thy warbling!—he expires.

Hush!—while Sorrow wakes and weeps;
  O'er his relicks cold and pale,
Night her silent vigil keeps,
  In a mournful, moonlight veil.

Harp of Memnon! from afar,
  Ere the lark salute the sky,
Watch the rising of the star
  That proclaims the morning nigh.

Soon the sun's ascending rays,
  In a flood of hallow'd fire,
O'er thy kindling chords shall blaze,
  And thy magick soul inspire.

Then thy tones triumphant pour,
  Let them pierce the HERO's grave;
Life's tumultuous battle o'er,
  O how sweetly sleep the brave!

From the dust their laurels bloom,
  High they shoot, and flourish free:
Glory's temple is the tomb!
  Death is immortality!

THE PILLOW.

THE head that oft this PILLOW press'd,
That aching head, is gone to rest;
Its little pleasure now no more,
And all its mighty sorrows o'er,
For ever in the worms dark bed,
For ever sleeps that humble head!

MY FRIEND was young, the world was new;
The world was false MY FRIEND was true;
Lowly his lot, his birth obscure,
His fortune hard, MY FRIEND was poor;
To wisdom he had no pretence,
A child of suffering, not of sense;
For NATURE never did impart
A weaker or a warmer heart.
His fervent soul, a soul of flame,
Consumed its frail terrestrial frame;
That fire from Heaven so fiercely burn'd,
That whence it came it soon return'd:
And yet, O PILLOW! yet to me,
My gentle FRIEND survives in thee;
In thee, the partner of his bed,
In thee, the widow of the dead!

On HELICON's inspiring brink,
Ere yet MY FRIEND had learn'd to think,
Once as he pass'd the careless day
Among the whispering reeds at play,
The MUSE OF SORROW wander'd by;
Her pensive beauty fix'd his eye;
With sweet astonishment he smiled;
The Gipsey saw—she stole the child;
And soft on her ambrosial breast
Sang the delighted babe to rest;
Convey'd him to her inmost grove,
And loved him with a Mother's love.
Awaking from his rosy nap,
And gayly sporting on her lap,
His wanton fingers o'er her lyre
Twinkled like electrick fire:
Quick and quicker as they flew,
Sweet and sweeter tones they drew;
Now a bolder hand he flings,
And dives among the deepest strings;
Then forth the musick brake like thunder;
Back he started, wild with wonder!
The MUSE OF SORROW wept for joy,
And clasp'd and kiss'd her chosen boy.

Ah! then no more his smiling hours
Were spent in Childhood's Edin-bowers;
The fall from Infant-innocence,
The fall to knowledge drives us thence;

O Knowledge ! worthless at the price,
Bought with the loss of PARADISE !
As happy ignorance declined,
And reason rose upon his mind,
Romantick hopes and fond desires
(Sparks of the soul's immortal fires !)
Kindled within his breast the rage
To breathe through every future age,
To clasp the flitting shades of fame,
To build an everlasting name,
O'erleap the narrow vulgar span,
And live beyond the life of man !

Then Nature's charms his heart possess'd,
And Nature's glory fill'd his breast :
The sweet Spring-morning's infant rays,
Meridian Summer's youthful blaze,
Maturer Autumn's evening mild,
And hoary Winter's midnight wild,
Awoke his eye, inspired his tongue ;
For every scene he loved he sung,
Rude were his songs, and simple truth,
Till Boyhood blossom'd into Youth ;
Then nobler themes his fancy fired,
To bolder flights his soul aspired ;
And as the new-moon's opening eye
Broadens and brightens through the sky,
From the dim streak of western light
To the full orb that rules the night ;

Thus, gathering lustre in its race,
And shining through unbounded space,
From earth to Heaven his Genius soar'd,
Time and eternity explored,
And hail'd, where'er its footsteps trod,
In Nature's temple, Nature's God:
Or pierced the human breast to scan
The hidden majesty of Man;
Man's hidden weakness too described,
His glory, grandeur, meanness, pride;
Pursued along their erring course,
The streams of passion to their source;
Or in the mind's creation sought
New stars of fancy, worlds of thought!
———Yet still through all his strains would flo
A tone of uncomplaining woe,
Kind as the tear in Pity's eye,
Soft as the slumbering Infant's sigh,
So sweetly, exquisitely wild,
It spake the MUSE OF SORROW'S child.

O PILLOW! then, when light withdrew,
To thee the fond enthusiast flew;
On thee, in pensive mood reclined,
He pour'd his contemplative mind,
Till o'er his eyes, with mild controul,
Sleep like a soft enchantment stole,
Charm'd into life his airy schemes,
And realized his waking dreams.

from those waking dreams he woke,
y spell of fancy broke;
he breathed a soul of fire
ı every chord that strung his lyre.
dly echo cheer'd his tongue,
the wilderness he sung;
and bolder bards were crown'd
dissonance his music drown'd:
blick ear, the publick voice,
d his song, denied his choice,
a name,—a life in death,
—a bubble and a breath.

t of his fondest, dearest claim,
inherited of fame,
e, O PILLOW! thee alone,
le his silent anguish known;
ighty spirit scorn'd the blow
id his high ambition low;
! his looks assumed in vain
ineffable disdain,
deep he cherish'd in his breast
orpion that consumed his rest.

other secret griefs had he,
ow! only told to thee:
id not hopeless love intrude
poor bosom's solitude?

Perhaps on thy soft lap reclined,
In dreams the cruel Fair was kind,
That more intensely he might know
The bitterness of waking woe.

Whate'er those pangs from me conceal'd,
To thee in midnight groans reveal'd ;
They stung remembrance to despair ;
"A wounded Spirit who can bear ?"
Meanwhile Disease, with slow decay,
Moulder'd his feeble frame away !
And as his evening sun declined,
The shadows deepen'd o'er his mind.
What doubts and terrors then possess'd
The dark dominion of his breast !
How did delirious fancy dwell
On Madness, Suicide and Hell !
There was on earth no Power to save :
——But, as he shudder'd o'er the grave,
He saw from realms of light descend
The friend of him who has no friend,
Religion !——Her almighty breath
Rebuked the winds and waves of death ;
She bade the storm of frenzy cease,
And smiled a calm, and whisper'd peace ;
Amidst that calm of sweet repose,
To Heaven his gentle Spirit rose.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JOSEPH BROWNE,

OF LOTHERSDALE,

ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS,

Who had suffered a long Confinement in the Castle of York, and Loss of all his worldly Property, for Conscience Sake.

"SPIRIT, leave thine house of clay;
Lingering Dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"

Thus thy Guardian Angel spoke,
As he watch'd thy dying bed;
As the bonds of life he broke,
And the ransom'd captive fled.

"Prisoner, long detain'd below;
Prisoner, now with freedom blest;
Welcome, from a world of woe,
Welcome to a land of rest!"

Thus thy Guardian Angel sang,
As he bore thy soul on high;
While with Hallelujahs rang
All the region of the sky.

——Ye that mourn a Father's loss,
Ye that weep a Friend no more!
Call to mind the Christian cross,
Which your Friend, your Father bore.

Grief and penury and pain
Still attended on his way,
And Oppression's scourge and chain,
More unmerciful than they.

Yet while travelling in distress,
('Twas the eldest curse of sin,)
Through the world's waste wilderness,
He had paradise within.

And along that vale of tears,
Which his humble footsteps trod,
Still a shining path appears,
Where the Mourner walk'd with GOD.

Till his Master, from above,
When the promised hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love
To convey the Wanderer home

Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
And the steeds that cleft the wind?
Saw ye not his soul aspire,
When his mantle droop'd behind?

Ye who caught it as it fell,
Bind that mantle round your breast;
So in you his meekness dwell,
So on you his spirit rest!

Yet rejoicing in his lot,
Still shall Memory love to weep
O'er the venerable spot
Where his dear cold relicks sleep.

Grave! the guardian of his dust,
Grave! the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.

Hark! the judgement-trumpet calls—
"Soul, rebuild thine house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And Eternity thy day!"

THE THUNDER STORM.

O FOR evening's brownest shade !
  Where the breezes play by stealth
In the forest-cinctured glade,
  Round the hermitage of Health :
While the noon-bright mountains blaze
In the sun's tormenting rays.

O'er the sick and sultry plains,
  Through the dim delirious air,
Agonizing silence reigns,
  And the wanness of despair :
Nature faints with fervent heat,
Ah ! her pulse hath ceased to beat !

Now in deep and dreadful gloom,
  Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
Black as if the day of doom
  Hung o'er Nature's shrinking head :
Lo ! the lightning breaks from high,
—God is coming !—God is nigh !

Hear ye not his chariot wheels,
  As the mighty thunder rolls?
Nature, startled Nature reels,
  From the centre to the poles;
Tremble!—Ocean, Earth, and Sky!
Tremble!—God is passing by!

Darkness, wild with horrour, forms
  His mysterious hiding-place:
Should He, from his ark of storms,
  Rend the veil, and show his face,
At the judgement of his eye,
All the universe would die.

Brighter, broader lightnings flash,
  Hail and rain tempestuous fall;
Louder, deeper thunders crash,
  Desolation threatens all:
Struggling Nature gasps for breath,
In the agony of death.

God of Vengeance, from above
  While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
O remember thou art Love!
  Spare! O spare a guilty world!
Stay Thy flaming wrath awhile,
See thy bow of promise smile!

Welcome, in the eastern cloud,
  Messenger of Mercy still!
Now, ye winds! proclaim aloud,
  "Peace on Earth, to Man good will!"
Nature! God's repenting Child,
See thy Parent reconciled!

Hark! the nightingale, afar,
  Sweetly sings the sun to rest,
And awakes the evening star
  In the rosy-tinted west:
While the moon's enchanting eye
Opens Paradise on high!

Cool and tranquil is the night,
  Nature's sore afflictions cease,
For the storm, that spent its might,
  Was a covenant of peace:
Vengeance drops her harmless rod;
MERCY is the POWER OF GOD!

ODE

TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF BRITAIN, ON THE PROSPECT OF INVASION.

O FOR the death of those
  Who for their country die;
Sink on her bosom to repose,
  And triumph where they lie!

How beautiful in death
  The Warrior's corse appears,
Embalm'd by fond Affection's breath,
  And bathed in Woman's tears!

Their loveliest native earth
  Enshrines the fallen brave;
In the dear land that gave them birth
  They find their tranquil grave.

——But the wild waves shall sweep
  Britannia's foes away,
And the blue monsters of the deep
  Be surfeited with prey!—

No!—they have 'scaped the waves,
  'Scaped the sea-monsters' maws;
They come! but O shall Gallic Slaves
  Give English Freemen laws?

By ALFRED's Spirit, No!
—Ring, ring the loud alarms;
Ye drums awake, ye clarions blow,
Ye heralds, shout "To arms!"

To arms our Heroes fly:
And, leading on their lines,
The British Banner in the sky;
The star of conquest shines.

The lowering battle forms
Its terrible array;
Like clashing clouds in mountain-storms,
That thunder on their way.

The rushing armies meet;
And while they pour their breath,
The strong earth shudders at their feet,
The day grows dim with death.

——Ghosts of the mighty dead!
Your children's hearts inspire:
And while they on your ashes tread,
Rekindle all your fire.

The dead to life return;
Our Father's spirits rise!
My brethren! in YOUR breasts they burn,
They sparkle in YOUR eyes.

Now launch upon the foe
  The lightning of your rage!
Strike, strike the assailing giants low,
  The Titans of the age.

They yield,—they break,—they fly;
  The victory is won:
Pursue!——they faint,—they fall,—they die:
  O stay!——the work is done.

Spirit of Vengeance! rest:
  Sweet MERCY cries, "Forbear!"
She clasps the vanquish'd to her breast;
  Thou wilt not pierce them there?

——Thus vanish Britain's foes
  From her consuming eye;
But rich be the reward of those
  Who conquer,——those who die!

O'ershadowing laurels deck
  The living Hero's brows;
But lovelier wreaths entwine his neck,
  —His children and his spouse!

Exulting o'er his lot,
  The dangers he has braved;
He clasps the dear ones, hails the cot,
  Which his own valour saved.

Daughters of Albion! weep;
  On this triumphant plain,
Your fathers, husbands, brethren sleep,
  For you and freedom slain.

O! gently close the eye
  That loved to look on you;
O seal the lip whose earliest sigh,
  Whose latest breath was true:

With knots of sweetest flowers
  Their winding-sheet perfume;
And wash their wounds with true-love showers,
  And dress them for the tomb.

For beautiful in death
  The Warrior's corse appears,
Embalm'd by fond Affection's breath,
  And bathed in Woman's tears.

——Give me the death of those
  Who for their country die;
And O be mine like their repose,
  When cold and low they lie!

Their loveliest mother Earth
  Enshrines the fallen brave,
In her sweet lap who gave them birth,
  They find their tranquil grave.

THE VIGIL OF ST. MARK.

RETURNING from their evening walk,
  On yonder ancient stile,
In sweet, romantick, tender talk,
  Two lovers paused awhile :

EDMUND, the monarch of the dale,
  All conscious of his powers ;
ELLA, the lilly of the vale,
  The rose of Auburn's bowers !

In airy Love's delightful bands
  He held her heart in vain ;
The nymph denied her willing hands
  To Hymen's awful chain.

" Ah ! why," said he, " our bliss delay !
  " Mine ELLA ; why so cold ?
" Those who but love from day to day,
  " From day to day grow old.

" The bounding arrow cleaves the sky,
  " Nor leaves a trace behind ;
" And single lives like arrows fly,
  " —They vanish through the wind.

"In wedlock's sweet endearing lot
"Let us improve the scene,
"That some may be when we are not,
"To tell—that we have been."

"'Tis now," replied the village Belle,
"Saint Mark's mysterious eve;
"And all that old traditions tell
"I tremblingly believe:—

"How, when the midnight signal tolls,
"Along the church-yard green,
"A mournful train of sentenced souls
"In winding sheets are seen!

"The ghosts of all whom Death shall doom
"Within the coming year,
"In pale procession walk the gloom,
"Amid the silence drear!

"If EDMUND, bold in conscious might,
"By love severely tried,
"Can brave the terrors of to-night,
"ELLA will be his bride."

She spake,—and like the nimble fawn,
From EDMUND'S presence fled:
He sought, across the rural lawn,
The dwelling of the dead!

That silent, solemn, simple spot,
  The mouldering realm of peace,
Where human passions are forgot!
  Where human follies cease!

The gliding moon through heaven serene
  Pursued her tranquil way,
And shed o'er all the sleeping scene
  A soft nocturnal day.

With swelling heart and eager feet
  Young EDMUND gain'd the church,
And chose his solitary seat
  Within the dreadful porch.

Thick, threatening clouds assembled soon,
  Their dragon wings display'd;
Eclipsed the slow retiring moon,
  And quench'd the stars in shade.

Amid the deep abyss of gloom
  No ray of beauty smiled,
Save, glistening o'er some haunted tomb,
  The glow-worm's lustre mild.

The village watch-dogs bay'd around,
  The long grass whistled drear,
The steeple trembled to the ground,
  Ev'n EDMUND quaked with fear.

All on a sudden died the blast,
  Dumb horrour chill'd the air,
While Nature seem'd to pause aghast,
  In uttermost despair.

—Twelve times the midnight herald toll'd,
  As oft did EDMUND start;
For every stroke fell dead and cold
  Upon his fainting heart.

Then glaring through the ghastly gloom,
  Along the church-yard green,
The destined victims of the tomb
  In winding sheets were seen.

In that strange moment EDMUND stood,
  Sick with severe surprise;
While creeping horrour drank his blood,
  And fix'd his flinty eyes.

He saw the secrets of the grave!
  He saw the face of DEATH!
No pitying power appear'd to save—
  He gasp'd away his breath!

Yet still the scene his soul beguiled,
  And every spectre cast
A look unutterably wild,
  On EDMUND as they pass'd.

All on the ground entranced he lay;
  At length the vision broke!
—When, lo!—a kiss as cold as clay,
  The slumbering youth awoke.

That moment through a rifted cloud,
  The darting moon display'd,
Robed in a melancholy shroud,
  The image of a maid.

Her dusky veil aside she threw,
  And shew'd a face most fair:
"—My Love! my ELLA!" EDMUND flew,
  And clasped the yielding air!

"Ha! who art thou?" His cheek grew pale:
  A well-known voice replied,
"ELLA, the lilly of the vale!
  "ELLA—thy destined bride!"

To win his neck her airy arms
  The pallid phantom spread;
Recoiling from her blasted charms,
  The affrighted lover fled.

To shun the visionary maid
  His speed outstript the wind;
But,—though unseen to move,—the shade
  Was evermore behind!

So Death's unerring arrows glide,
  Yet seem suspended still;
Nor pause, nor shrink, nor turn aside,
  But smite, subdue, and kill.

O'er many a mountain, moor, and vale,
  On that tremendous night,
The ghost of ELLA, wild and pale,
  Pursued her lover's flight.

But when the dawn began to gleam,
  Ere yet the morning shone,
She vanish'd like a nightmare dream,
  And EDMUND stood alone.

Three days, bewilder'd and forlorn,
  He sought his home in vain;
At length he hail'd the hoary thorn
  That crown'd his native plain.

'Twas evening:—all the air was balm,
  The heavens serenely clear;
When the soft musick of a psalm
  Came pensive o'er his ear.

Then sunk his heart;—a strange surmise
  Made all his blood run cold:
He flew,—a funeral met his eyes!
  He paused,—a death-bell toll'd.

"'Tis she! 'tis she!"—He burst away;
And bending o'er the spot
Where all that once was ELLA lay,
He all beside forgot!

A maniack now, in dumb despair,
With love-bewilder'd mein,
He wanders, weeps, and watches there,
Among the hillocks green.

And every eve of pale St. Mark,
As village hinds relate,
He walks with ELLA in the dark,
And reads the rolls of Fate!

HANNAH.

At fond sixteen my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart:
Keen transport throbb'd through every vein,
I never felt so sweet a pain!

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantick maid:
I stole her hand,—it shrunk,—but no!
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my Hannah's downcast eye,
'Twas kind, but beautifully shy.

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The sun, enamour'd, woes young May;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the sun her blushing face.

But, swifter than the frighted dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love;
Ah! that so bright a morn, so soon
Should vanish in so dark a noon!

The angel of affliction rose,
And in his grasp a thousand woes;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood,—and all his wrath defied;
I stood,—though whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my nymph;—and knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye:
I shunn'd her—for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanced, like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promised happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon Peace rebuilt her nest;
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of youth and pleasure smiled.

'Twas on the merry morn of May,
To Hannah's cot I took my way:
My eager hopes were on the wing,
Like swallows sporting in the spring.

Then as I climb'd the mountains o'er,
I lived my wooing days once more:
And fancy sketch'd my married lot,
My wife, my children, and my cot!

I saw the village steeple rise,—
My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes;
The rural bells rang sweet and clear,—
My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet:—all was gay;
I love a rustick holiday!
I met a wedding,—stepp'd aside;
It pass'd;—my HANNAH was the bride!

——There is a grief that cannot feel!
It leaves a wound that will not heal;
——My heart grew cold;—it felt not then;
When shall it cease to feel again?

A FIELD FLOWER.

ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1803.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold flowret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed,
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensive stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis FLORA'S page:——in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer-reign,
The DAISY never dies.

THE SNOW-DROP.

WINTER, retire!
Thy reign is past;
Hoary Sire!
Yield the sceptre of thy sway,
Sound thy trumpet in the blast,
And call thy storms away;
Winter, retire!
Wherefore do thy wheels delay?
Mount the chariot of thine ire,
And quit the realms of day;
On thy state
Whirlwinds wait;
And blood-shot meteors lend thee light;
Hence to dreary arctick regions
Summon thy terrifick legions;
Hence to caves of northern night
Speed thy flight.

From Halcyon seas
And purer skies,
O southern breeze!
Awake, arise:

Breath of heaven; benignly blow,
Melt the snow;
Breath of heaven! unchain the floods,
Warm the woods,
And make the mountains flow.

Auspicious to the Muse's prayer,
The freshening gale
Embalms the vale,
And breathes enchantment through the air;
On its wing
Floats the Spring,
With glowing eye, and golden hair:
Dark before her Angel-form
She drives the Demon of the storm,
Like gladness chasing Care.

Winter's gloomy night withdrawn,
Lo! the young romantick Hours
Search the hill, the dale, the lawn,
To behold the SNOW-DROP white
Start to light,
And shine in FLORA's desart bowers,
Beneath the vernal dawn,
The Morning Star of Flowers!

O welcome to our isle,
Thou messenger of Peace!

At whose bewitching smile
The embattled tempests cease:
Emblem of innocence and Truth!
First-born of Nature's womb,
When strong in renovated youth,
She bursts from Winter's tomb;
Thy parent's eye hath shed
A precious dew-drop on thine head,
Frail as a mother's tear,
Upon her infant's face,
When ardent hope to tender fear,
And anxious love, give place.
But lo! the dew-drop flits away,
The sun salutes thee with a ray
Warm as a mother's kiss
Upon her infant's cheek,
When the heart bounds with bliss,
And joy that cannot speak!
——When I meet thee by the way,
Like a pretty, sportive child,
On the winter-wasted wild,
With thy darling breeze at play,
Opening to the radiant sky
All the sweetness of thine eye;
—Or bright with sun beams, fresh with showers,
O thou Fairy-Queen of flowers!
Watch thee o'er the plain advance
At the head of FLORA's dance;

Simple SNOW-DROP ! then in thee
All thy sister-train I see :
Every brilliant bud that blows,
From the blue-bell to the rose :
All the beauties that appear
On the bosom of the Year,
All that wreathe the locks of Spring,
Summer's ardent breath perfume,
Or on the lap of Autumn bloom,
—All to thee their tribute bring.
Exhale their incense at thy shrine,
—Their hues, their odours, all are thine !
For while their humble form I view,
The Muse's keen, prophetick sight
Brings fair futurity to light,
And fancy's magick makes the vision true,

—There is a winter in my soul,
The winter of despair ;
O when shall Spring its rage controul ?
When shall the SNOW-DROP blossom there ?
Cold gleams of comfort sometimes dart
A dawn of glory on my heart,
But quickly pass away :
Thus northern-lights the gloom adorn,
And give the promise of a morn
That never turns to day !
——But hark ! methinks I hear
A small still whisper in mine ear ;

"Rash youth, repent!
"Afflictions, from above,
"Are angels sent
"On embassies of love.
"A fiery legion at thy birth,
"Of chastening woes were given,
"To pluck the flowers of hope from earth,
"And plant them high
"O'er yonder sky,
"Transform'd to stars,—and fix'd in heaven."

THE OCEAN.

WRITTEN AT SCARBOROUGH, IN THE SUMMER OF 1805.

ALL hail to the ruins*, the rocks and the shores !
Thou wide-rolling OCEAN, all hail !
Now brilliant with sunbeams, and dimpled with oars,
Now dark with the fresh-blowing gale,
While soft o'er thy bosom the cloud-shadows sail,
And the silver-wing'd sea fowl on high,
Like meteors bespangle the sky,
Or dive in the gulf, or triumphantly ride,
Like foam on the surges, the swans of the tide.

From the tumult and smoke of the city set free,
With eager and awful delight,
From the crest of the mountain I gaze upon thee ;
I gaze,—and am changed at the sight :
For mine eye is illumined, my Genius takes flight,
My soul, like the sun, with a glance
Embraces the boundless expanse,
And moves on thy waters wherever they roll,
From the day-darting zone, to the night-shadow'd pole

* Scarborough Castle.

My spirit descends where the day-spring is born,
Where the billows are rubies on fire,
And the breezes that rock the light cradle of morn
Are sweet as the Phœnix's pyre :
O regions of beauty, of love, and desire !
O gardens of Eden ! in vain
Placed far on the fathomless main,
Where Nature with Innocence dwelt in her youth,
When pure was her heart, and unbroken her truth.

But now the fair rivers of Paradise wind
Through countries and kingdoms o'erthrown ;
Where the giant of Tyranny crushes mankind,
Where he reigns,—and will soon reign alone ;
For wide and more wide, o'er the sun-beaming zone,
He stretches his hundred-fold arms,
Despoiling, destroying its charms ;
Beneath his broad footstep the Ganges is dry,
And the mountains recoil from the flash of his eye.

Thus the pestilent Upas, the Demon of trees,
Its boughs o'er the wilderness spreads,
And with livid contagion polluting the breeze,
Its mildewing influence sheds ;
The birds on the wing, and the flowers in their beds,
Are slain by its venomous breath,
That darkens the noon-day with death,
And pale ghosts of travellers wander around,
While their mouldering skeletons whiten the ground

Ah! why hath JEHOVAH, in forming the world,
With the waters divided the land,
His ramparts of rocks round the continent hurl'd,
And cradled the Deep in his hand,
If man may transgress his eternal command,
And leap o'er the bounds of his birth
To ravage the uttermost earth,
And violate nations and realms that should be
Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea!

There are, gloomy OCEAN! a brotherless clan,
Who traverse thy banishing waves,
The poor disinherited outcasts of man,
Whom Avarice coins into slaves!
From the homes of their kindred, their forefathers' graves,
Love, friendship, and conjugal bliss,
They are dragged on the hoary abyss;
The shark hears their shrieks, and, ascending to days,
Demands of the spoiler his share of the prey.

Then joy to the tempest that whelms them beneath,
And makes their destruction its sport!
But woe to the winds that propitiously breathe,
And wafts them in safety to port!
Where the vultures and vampires of Mammon resort;
Where Europe exultingly drains
The life-blood from Africa's veins;
Where man rules o'er man with a merciless rod,
And spurns at his footstool the image of God!

The hour is approaching,—a terrible hour !
And Vengeance is bending her bow ;
Already the clouds of the hurricane lour,
And the rock-rending whirlwinds blow :
Back rolls the huge OCEAN, Hell opens below :
The floods return headlong,—they sweep
The slave-cultured land to the deep ;
In a moment entomb'd in the horrible void,
By their Maker Himself in his anger destroy'd.

Shall this be the fate of the cane-planted isles,
More lovely than clouds in the west,
When the sun o'er the ocean descending in smiles
Sinks softly and sweetly to rest ?
—No !—Father of Mercy ! befriend the oppprest ;
At the voice of thy gospel of peace,
May the sorrows of Africa cease ;
And the slave and his master devoutly unite
To walk in thy freedom, and dwell in thy light !*

As homeward my weary-wing'd Fancy extends
Her star-lighted course through the skies,
High over the mighty Atlantic ascends,
And turns upon Europe her eyes :
Ah me ! what new prospects, new horrors arise !
I see the war-tempested flood
All foaming and panting with blood ;

* Alluding to the glorious success of the Moravian Missionaries among the Negroes in the West-Indies.

The panic-struck OCEAN in agony roars,
Rebounds from the battle, and flies to his shores.

For BRITANNIA is wielding the trident to-day,
Consuming her foes in her ire,
And hurling her thunder with absolute sway
From her wave-ruling chariots of fire :
—She triumphs ;—the winds and the waters conspire
To spread her invincible name ;
—The Universe rings with her fame ;
—But the cries of the fatherless mix with her praise,
And the tears of the widow are shed on her bays !

O Britain, dear Britain ! the land of my birth ;
O Isle, most enchantingly fair !
Thou Pearl of the Ocean ! Thou Gem of the Earth !
O my Mother ! my Mother ! beware ;
For wealth is a phantom, and empire a snare :
O let not thy birth-right be sold
For reprobate glory and gold :
Thy distant dominions like wild graftings shoot,
They weigh down thy trunk,—they will tear up thy
root :—

The root of thine OAK, O my Country ! that stands
Rock-planted, and flourishing free ;
Its branches are stretch'd o'er the uttermost lands,
And its shadow eclipses the sea :
The blood of our ancestors nourish'd the tree ;

From their tombs, from their ashes it sprung;
Its boughs with their trophies are hung;
Their spirit dwells in it:—and hark! for it spoke;
The voice of our fathers ascends from their Oak.

"Ye Britons who dwell where we conquer'd of old,
Who inherit our battle-field graves;
Though poor were your fathers,—gigantic and bold,
We were not we could not be, slaves;
But firm as our rocks, and as free as our waves,
The spears of the Romans we broke,
We never stoop'd under their yoke;
In the shipwreck of nations we stood up alone,—
The world was great CÆSAR'S—but Britain our own.

"For ages and ages, with barbarous foes,
The Saxon, Norwegian, and Gaul,
We wrestled, were foil'd, were cast down but we rose
With new vigour, new life from each fall;
By all we were conquer'd:—WE CONQUER'D THEM ALL!
—The cruel, the cannibal mind,
We softened, subdued, and refined;
Bears, wolves, and sea-monsters, they ruhed from their den;
We taught them, we tam'd them, we turn'd them to men.

"Love led the wild hordes in his flower-woven bands
The tenderest, strongest of chains!
Love married our hearts, he united our hands,
And mingled the blood in our veins;
One race we became:—on the mountains and plains,
Where the wounds of our country were closed,
The Ark of Religion reposed,
The unquenchable Altar of Liberty blazed,
And the Temple of Justice in Mercy was raised.

"Ark, Altar, and Temple, we left with our breath
To our children, a sacred bequest!
O guard them, O keep them, in life and in death;
So the shades of your fathers shall rest,
And your spirits with ours be in Paradise blest:
—Let ambition, the sin of the brave,
And Avarice the soul of a slave,
No longer seduce your affections to roam
From Liberty, Justice, Religion, AT HOME!"

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man :—and WHO was HE ?
—Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembled Thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown :
His name has perish'd from the earth,
This truth survives alone :—

That joy, and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast ;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear !
—Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall ;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er ;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled ;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more ;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

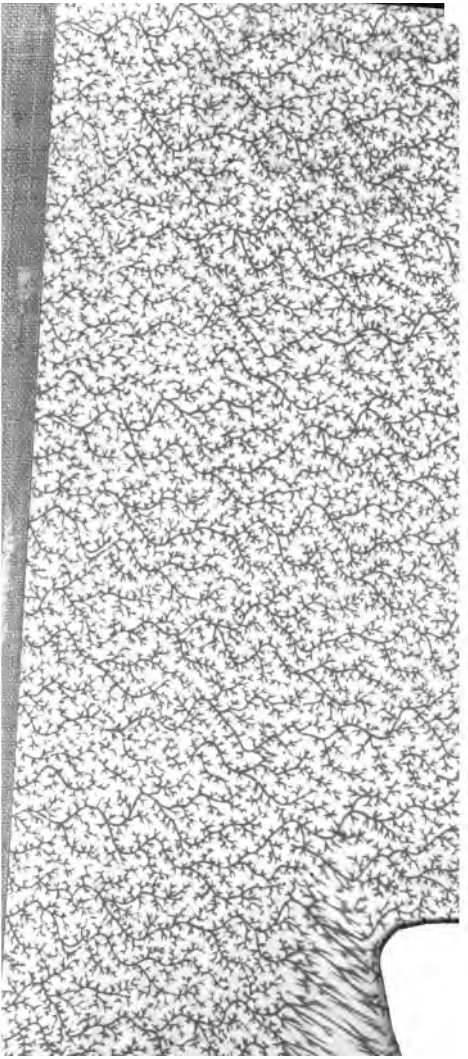
He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O she was fair!—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN

END OF VOL. I

J. T.